OV. 2, 1940

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty 5¢

APPINESS IN OUR TIME by MAURICE MAETERLINCK

DID DALADIER BETRAY FRANCE? by "PERTINAX"

OWL: Hello, Mr. Glaenzer! You look tanned and healthy . . . Did you enjoy your vacation in Havana?

GLAENZER: I certainly did! Never felt better!

OWL: You're famous as a cigar lover, Mr. Glaenzer. You must have sampled plenty of those Havana cigars.

GLAENZER: Yes, tried many different kinds.

OWL: Would you please try this *new* White Owl? Tell me if it has that real Havana taste—

GLAENZER (*after several puffs*): Yes . . . White Owl is milder than a Cuban cigar—but has a true Havana flavor, all right!

BACK FROM HAVANA:

Jules Glaenzer quickly spots Havana Flavor in New White Owls

MR. JULES GLAENZER, Vice-President of Cartier, Inc., New York's exclusive jewelers, recently returned from a vacation voyage to Cuba.

We met him while the memory of Havana cigars was still fresh in his mind. He told us without doubt that the *new* White Owl had the fine Havana taste of cigars he enjoyed in Cuba.

And when you try the *new* White Owl, with its blended-with-Havana filler, you'll agree with Mr. Glaenzer. You'll agree with thousands of men that this cigar does have that choice, rich Havana flavor every smoker wants. Yet it costs you only 5¢. Why not try one today?

Try a NEW WHITE OWL—Today 5¢

New White Owls made in U. S. A. only.

Copyright, 1940, by General Cigar Co., Inc.

Do you see a Girl in the 4th Grade?
No! I see a Girl who is a Senior at Vassar.

Is she a Beautiful Girl?
Yes! Her Sparkling Smile lights her whole Face.

Why is her Smile so Charming?
Starting young with Ipana and Massage may well be one reason.

Protect your smile. Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush." Let Ipana and Massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth.

TODAY, flaxen-haired Polly gets "honors" in Spelling. But wait till she grows up —chances are she'll take them in Beauty—thanks to her radiant smile.

For, like thousands of children today, she has learned in her classroom how important gum massage is to healthy gums and sparkling smiles. These youngsters know better than many adults that soft, creamy foods deny gums the exercise and stimulation they need. That's why gums often tend to become tender, sensitive...and flash a warning tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"!

When that tinge of "pink" appears . . . *see your dentist!* It may not mean serious trouble but "pink tooth brush" is a definite warning ...one you should never ignore. Chances are your dentist will tell you your gums have grown lazy, need more exercise. And, like so many dentists, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage!"

For Ipana, with massage, is specially designed to aid your gums as well as clean teeth thoroughly. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—is evidence that circulation is roused in gum tissues, aiding gums to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of Ipana today. Begin now with Ipana and massage . . . for healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more radiant smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

NOVEMBER 2, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 44

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

THE NEW DEAL'S MOST DAMNING RECORD

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The future power and prestige of this country depend upon a proper development of our youthful citizens. The New Deal has brought us a tragical situation. Many of our boy and girl graduates are unable to find jobs. Their enthusiasm and ambition seem wasted. Their dreams of the future are blasted. Romance, marriage, home building, children, the source of life's most blissful experiences, are denied them.

Never before has this country faced such a calamity.

There has been a shameful neglect in military preparation which we are feverishly trying to remedy at this time. Many of our citizens are commending the superhuman efforts that are being made to remedy this defect, and justly so.

But we are many years behind time. It has been stated that Britain should have begun five years ago to prepare for the horrors she is now facing. Churchill shouted about preparedness to his people year after year. In this country, Liberty Magazine has literally howled warnings for many years.

In June, 1933, $3,300,000,000 was appropriated by Congress, and the President was given absolute discretion in the spending of that sum. Congress, however, suggested that some of this money be spent for the construction of aircraft and the mechanization and motorization of tactical units. Hitler was certainly alive to the value of that suggestion, as indicated in his easy conquest of France.

But during that fiscal year expenditures for national defense as compared with the previous year fell approximately $188,000,000. General Hugh Johnson, in a recent address, stated that Harry Hopkins spent nearly all of that more than three billion for " raking leaves."

The New Deal has to assume the blame for our shameful neglect in military preparedness.

There was a time when government officials were servants of the people; but if you want to find out just how fast we are approaching Hitlerism, consult some of our haughty government officials in Washington and elsewhere, or try to get on the dole or obtain a WPA job. You may have occasion to feel that you are the scum of the earth, as indicated by the high and mighty attitude sometimes assumed toward our citizens.

Business and industry are the source of jobs, and the New Deal seems to have done about everything possible to discourage their promotion and growth. It is indeed commendable to take care of the aged, the infirm, and the helpless; but if we fail to nurture our youthful citizens, and rob them of the opportunity for the stabilized income that jobs bring, we are striking a blow at the very foundation of our nation.

We have been given unemployment insurance and old-age pensions, but the trend of Hitlerism toward centralized governmental control of practically everything has apparently been the main objective of this administration.

" America, the land of the free and the home of the brave," is frequently quoted, but when our youth can roam the land searching for a job and the best that can be found is the dole or WPA charity, it is not unlike asking for bread and receiving a stone.

This may be a complicated age and it may be necessary to make certain changes in the American system, but we should not be robbed of our liberties and the freedom guaranteed by our Constitution. That document may have been created in the horse-and-buggy days, but the definition of freedom will never be materially changed.

The New Dealers have had nearly eight long years to get us out of the depression, and if we consider the unemployment, the colossal national indebtedness, the millions of WPA workers, the huge increase in governmental expense, we are tobogganing toward national bankruptcy—the worst fate that could befall us.

We have learned through the New Deal that it is indeed foolish to depend on the campaign promises of politicians. But Willkie is not a politician; he is a business man. And the third term represents a dangerous experiment, regardless of the party or the candidate.

After nearly eight years of failure we are all yearning for a square deal to replace the New Deal.

Bernarr Macfadden

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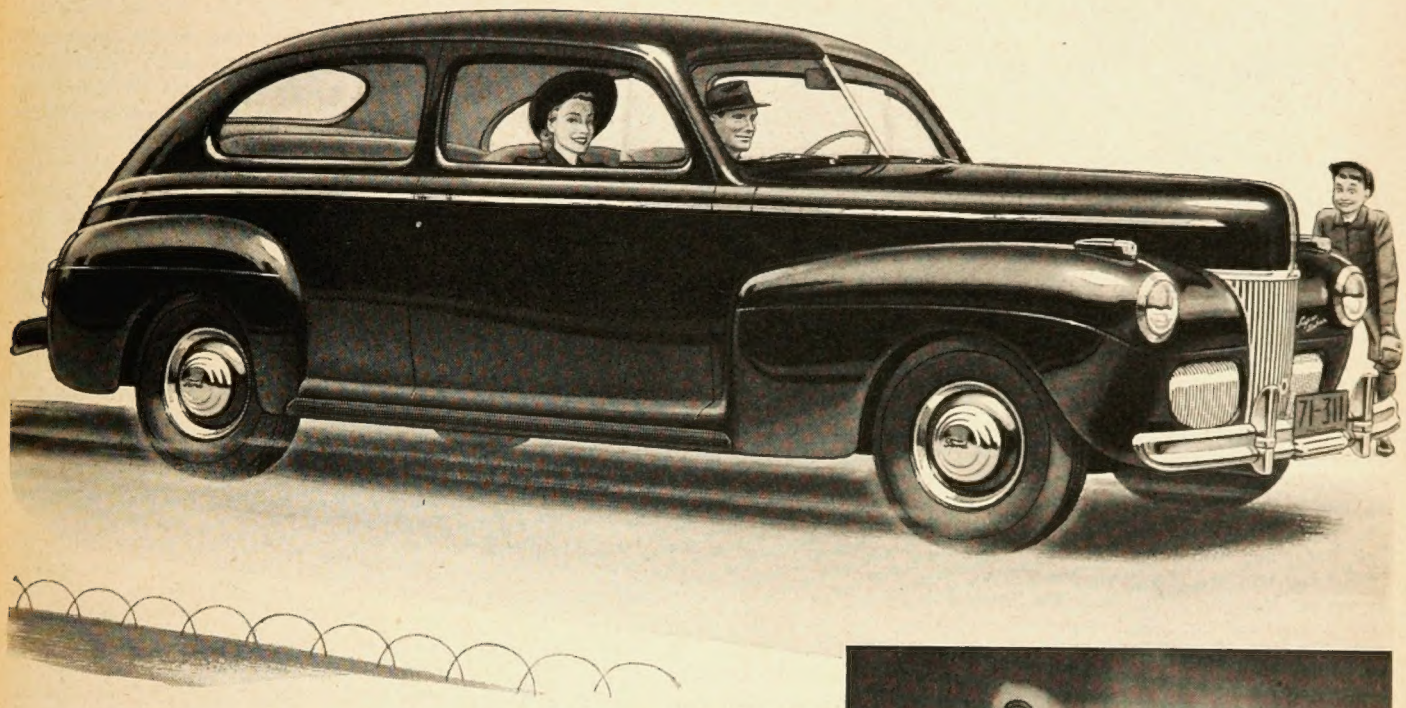
You expect BIG things from FORD!



THE Ford Rouge Plant is world-famous for doing big things in a big way. Now it's producing *the biggest Ford car ever built!*

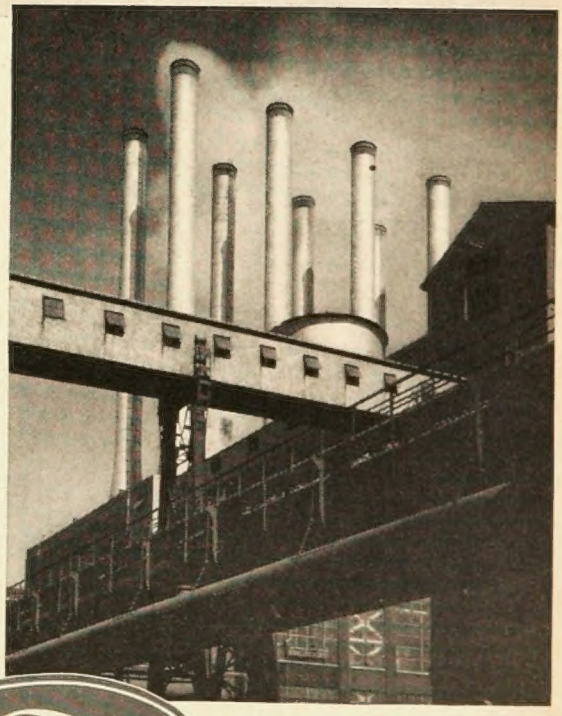
The 1941 Ford has *an entirely new body*—longer and wider. It has *a longer wheelbase.* Seating width has been increased *as much as seven inches!* Glass areas are as much as *33% greater.*

After you *see* the beauty and bulk of this big car, *feel* its faster acceleration and soft new ride—a ride produced by new, slower-action springs, improved shock absorbers, and *a newly designed stabilizer.*

How is it done? *How can such a big, comfortable car have eight cylinders, and this costly construction at low price?*

The answer goes back to the Ford way of doing business—to the fact that Ford has built *millions more cars* than any one else and is satisfied with a *smaller profit per car.*

Get the full story from any Ford dealer. See how little it costs to trade for *a BIG 1941 Ford!*



Ford

The Great Ford Rouge Plant provides the finest manufacturing facilities in the world. Here the experience of Henry Ford and the efficiency of Ford engineers produce quality cars in huge volume to sell at a low price with small profit—so that when you buy a Ford, you get value far above the price!

Get the facts and you'll get a FORD!

"STALLING ALL CARS! DON'T USE ANTI-FREEZE TILL YOU CLEAN OUT WITH SANI-FLUSH!"

OLD MAN WINTER has two strikes on you, if you put anti-freeze in a dirty radiator. Rust and scale choke the cooling system. Your motor overheats. You waste anti-freeze. You waste power. And you risk costly engine repairs. Sani-Flush makes it easy and inexpensive to clean out radiators.

Just pour 10c worth of Sani-Flush in the radiator. (25c for the largest trucks and tractors.) *Follow directions printed on the can.* Run the motor. Drain. Flush. Refill with water and anti-freeze. Then you're all set for the winter. If you prefer, ask your garage or service station to do the job for you. Sani-Flush can't injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

VOX POP

SETTLING THE AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

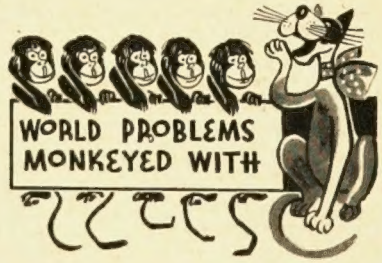
WISHEK, N. D.—It may or may not be of interest to you that we have a sextet composed of three men, two women, and a cat in this town who in a single session last night settled all the major as well as most of the minor problems that afflict this dizzy old world of ours.

For instance, the European war was settled as follows: If Hitler wins, then he will come over here and smash us into a hundred million pieces. If England wins, she will come over here and smash us into a hundred million pieces because we didn't help her save democracy.

It was then settled that this is a war to settle old grudges. It was then settled that it is a commercial war. It was then settled that it is a war for the benefit of the ammunition manufacturers. It was then settled that it is a war for the benefit of the international bankers. It was then settled that it is a war for the glory of the international politicians. It was then settled that Hitler, Stalin, Churchill, Mussolini, and Joe Louis should all be put into a cage and made to fight it out.

It was then settled that F. D. R. will be elected for a third term. It was then settled that if he is elected he will get us into the war, and that a revolution will break out over here and we will smash ourselves into a hundred million pieces.

The Democrats were then settled and found to be crooks. The Republicans were then settled and found to be crooks.



The Nazis, Communists, Fascists, and the C. I. O. were then settled and also found to be crooks.

Then the schools were settled, and it was found that they overburden the children and that the children don't learn anything. Then it was settled that our schools are the best in the world but that the younger generation is no good.

It was then settled that the Bible story of creation is correct. It was then settled that man descended from the monkey, and that the sextet, with the exception of the cat, are the biggest monkeys of all. To this the cat agreed with a wide-mouthed yawn.—*Henry E. Lemke.*

¶ **"Make the November election Roosevelt's Waterloo, and it will be many elections before another man will break his hatband in so many places at once," declares William Burgener of Norwalk, California.**

BOOTH'S HAMLET GREATEST

EL PASO, TEX.—As one greatly interested in matters theatrical, may I say that I very much enjoyed the four-part serial by Bayard Veiller entitled The Fun I've Had, which ended in September 21 Liberty. The final part appealed particularly to me, as I had witnessed the performances of all the actors commented upon by Mr. Veiller and was personally acquainted with many of them.

However, I cannot agree with his opinion that Forbes-Robertson was a greater Hamlet than Edwin Booth, nor that "Barrymore was a very great Hamlet." Neither Forbes-Robertson nor John Barrymore was, in my opinion, the Hamlet drawn by Shakespeare, while Booth personified the "Melancholy Dane" in thought, voice, and movement.

I remember Booth in his prime, and I recall him to mind today as vividly as he appeared to me on the stage some sixty-odd years ago. This is not the case with Mr. Veiller, as he states: "but in Booth's favor we must remember that when I saw his Hamlet he was a stocky man, comparatively well along in life."—*Edwin Gordon Lawrence.*

PAUL REVERE'S LANTERN

KEENE, N. H.—Let me join the debunkers. Did you know that the signal in the belfry tower of Old North Church was not placed there to inform Paul Revere of the movements of the British—despite the poetic account of his "midnight ride"?

According to one of his own letters, Revere had arranged ahead to have the lantern or lanterns placed there as a signal for the benefit of friends on the Charlestown side in case he had difficulty in getting across the Charles River or over Boston Neck—a wise provision, showing Revere's foresight.—*Olcott Adams.*

¶ **Points out A. C. Fordham of West Palm Beach, Florida: "W. H. Fraser does not know Morse when he says it uses 'only dots and spacings' (September 21 Vox Pop). Morse uses dots, dashes, long dashes, and spac-**

ings, unless I have been mistaken for the sixty years that I have used it."

YES, WE REMEMBERED

CALUMET CITY, ILL.—You had a Scrambled Letters Contest which closed on May 18. Remember? Why have you never announced the winners?

After all, I think the contestants are entitled to some explanation, and the prizes. You promised to announce the winners as soon as possible, because you said they might want to take summer vacations, but you didn't say which summer!—*A Contestant.*

[Names of aforesaid winners were published in July 13 Liberty (page 54) and July 27 (page 24). Checks were sent June 11.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

¶ **"I especially like to read your detective cases and wish you would have two of them every week," says David Goldfine of Miami Beach, Florida. "Vox Pop is another feature which I enjoy immensely."**

LET 'EM YELL!

MACON, GA.—This morning my boys made so much noise in the front yard I went to the door to investigate.

Jimmy, five, was standing under the big oak, waving his small silk flag and singing with all his might God Bless America. Ronald, three, stood beside

him, singing just as noisily. But what delighted me was that Ronald had each of his fat little hands curled around the small end of a baseball bat.

I let them yell. It made me think of the Liberty covers: amusing and full of significance.—*Betty Belote.*

BUT ONE WAS BEHIND HIM!

GLENDALE, CALIF.—The octopus that was illustrated on pages 14-15 of August 31 Liberty had only seven legs!—*David Rifkind.*

¶ **"Some time ago Mr. Oursler stated that the newspapers were overrun with 'fifth-rate' columnists," ponders Bud Welch of Jeanerette, Louisiana. "It is well that we heed his warning; and we should also remember that 1,000 Philistines were whipped once—and by the 'jaw' of a single ass!"**

THE GLORY OF GOING ON

BOSTON, MASS.—Tell I. A. R. Wylie that The Glory of Going On is one of the rarest and finest stories I have ever read. (September 21 Liberty.) Also, Lightning in the Night is a service to

DON'T BE FOOLED!!
EVEN YOU MAY HAVE
GINGIVITIS

4 OUT OF 5 May have this gum inflammation—often a start of PYORRHEA!

Do *your* gums ever bleed? Are they tender, sore? Then you have good reason to believe you may have Gingivitis—a mild inflammation (where gums join the teeth) attacking thousands throughout the nation—even *young folks!*

Gingivitis—if neglected—may lead to horrible Pyorrhea with its shrinking gums and loosened teeth which only your dentist can help, BUT you can help guard against Gingivitis this easy way—

Help Gums Be Firmer
Teeth "Naturally" Bright!

Every morning and night massage your gums and brush your teeth with Forhan's Toothpaste. 95% Gingivitis cases remarkably improved in 30 days after dental care by following this method—clinical investigation shows.

Forhan's—recommended and used by many dentists themselves for over 20 years—is simply wonderful for cleaning dull teeth to their "natural" brightness—for massaging gums to be stronger and more able to ward off infection. ONE TOOTHPASTE THAT HELPS REMOVE ACID FILM THAT OFTEN STARTS TOOTH DECAY.

You owe it to your teeth and gums to try Forhan's and massage! At drug and department stores. Weekend size at 10¢ stores.

SEE DENTIST EVERY 3 MONTHS

Don't wait until teeth ache. Visit your dentist every 3 months so he can study occlusal surfaces, detect and fill small cavities, keep a close watch for gum disorders and thus save you pain and dentist bills.

FREE **50¢ GUM MASSAGER:** Send empty carton from 50¢ size tube Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. D-10, New Brunswick, New Jersey, and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager—FREE.

the nation as well as the Pendergast case. Unexpected Uncle is the kind we need more of. Cut out all low stuff.—*Eugene B. Smith.*

YANKEE—FRONT AND BACK

SHELBY, N. C.—A. B. Longman in September 14 Vox Pop asks what is a Yankee, so I'll tell him.

In the South a Yankee is something that is always found behind a dam.

And in the North a Yankee is always in front of a doodle and has a feather in his cap.—*J. M. Boyd.*

"Mr. Macfadden's piece about Mr. Willkie (August 10 Liberty) does well by Mr. W.," writes R. S. Seese of Detroit, Michigan. "It also reflects considerable credit on Mr. Macfadden. We would like to see Mr. McF. realize his desire to become a member of Mr. W.'s cabinet. That, in our opinion, would be a good start toward an All-American cabinet."

FIFTH-COLUMN JAPS

GUTHRIE, OKLA.—Apropos your article on Japanese tuna clippers (August 10 Liberty), I believe that if you will have one of your crack writers investigate you will find Japanese farmers, sheepherders, etc., living in close proximity to every major tunnel on the railroads cutting through the Coast Ranges.

I predict that in case of trouble with Japan these tunnels will be blown up, cutting communications from the east with the west coast. I understand that only one railroad is free from such tunnels. Many of the auto roads could be cut with a well placed charge of dynamite, thus making ready communication an impossibility.

A check-up on these matters with photographs would make interesting and sensational reading for a number of weeks. I have traveled to the Coast at a dozen places and have something more than a hunch back of my suggestion.—*Bruce Corbin.*

THANKS JUDGE FOR JAIL

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—A couple of years ago a convicted forger had just been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary, and the court rang with his shouts of joy.

"Hot dog!" he cried. "Now I can take that machine-shop course I've always wanted. Thanks a lot, judge!"

He ought to be still happier today, with the national demand for machinists.—*Oliver Mack.*

"Why in hades don't you utilize a little space in your magazine for subscription blanks?" shouts R. C. Sherman of Washington, D. C. "Or do you want subscriptions?"

LONDON IS BURNING

NEW YORK, N. Y.—
London is burning, London is burning . . .
Heart of an empire,
Soul of a nation.
Shade of Queen Bess, in anguish returning,
Behold these armadas
Bringing devastation!

Centuries hence, men will be learning
Here in lone glory
A civilization
Fought like grim death, dishonor spurning,
And the shrine of a people
Knew desecration.

Bells toll the solemn
Reiteration—
London is burning, London is burning!
—*Laura W. Curran.*

VANDERBILT ON MEXICO

MERCEDES, TEX.—My former high regard for your magazine has been greatly jarred because of certain statements made by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in his article Is Hitler Militarizing Mexico? (September 14 Liberty.)

Having lived in various sections of the Republic of Mexico, including Mexico City, for some twenty years, I am inclined to believe Mr. Vanderbilt was hopped up on tequila, mescal, or pulque when he saw the twelve all-metal planes in what appeared to be jungle air bases in that region—that these planes had swastikas painted on their ailerons and that their pilots were German youths with shaven heads.

The whole article is so full of such absurd and untrue statements that it becomes nauseating to one familiar with the true situation as it exists in Mexico today.—*Dewey B. Brown.*

NAVY DAY'S "MOTHER"

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—It seems fitting that some mention be made of the woman who is responsible for the idea of Navy Day.

In 1922 Mrs. William H. Hamilton conceived the idea of a day set apart for the purpose of acquainting the civilian with his navy. So many erroneous impressions were harbored by the average citizen concerning the navy, and the splendid men who make up its ranks, that Mrs. Hamilton wished to destroy the old prejudices and ideas concerning navy men. Her plan was for the navy to hold "open house": to invite civilians to go aboard the vessels, to visit training stations, and get a first-hand knowledge of the navy. She wanted folks who otherwise might never have the opportunity to meet and talk with the men, and to learn to know them, as she did, as the finest specimens of American manhood.

Accordingly, she went to Washington, in 1922, and suggested her idea to Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt. He thought her suggestion for a Navy Day an excellent one, and immediately began to work on it. The result was that we had our first observance on October 27, 1922.

For some unaccountable reason, Mrs. Hamilton never receives credit in the newspapers and magazine accounts of Navy Day.

Usually the Navy League of the United States is mentioned as the originator. This is untrue, and unjust, for the League had absolutely nothing to do with the origin of Navy Day.

It has, however, done splendid work in recent years in furthering its observance.—*Mary McElliott.*

BREATH-SUCKING CATS

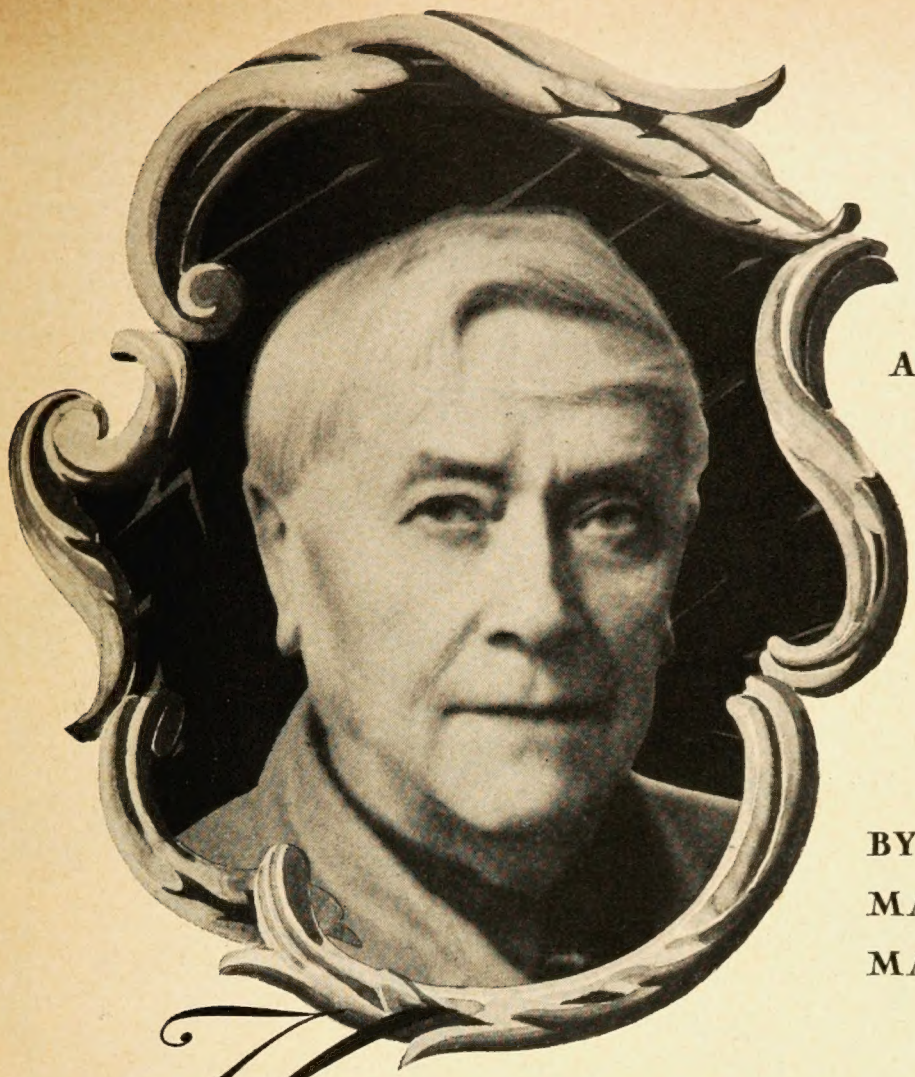
MEMPHIS, TENN.—Why is it that some people can never give up foolish superstition? (I refer to your Vox Pop controversy about cats sucking the breath of a baby.)

I wonder if those people who believe in breath-sucking cats know that a baby has a nose? And that if a baby has a nose and a mouth, and you close his nose, he'll open his mouth to breathe, and vice versa.

I think a lot of the intelligence of cats, but I have yet to see one smart enough to control his paws to the extent of closing the nose of a baby and to then suck its breath.

Have you? If so, that cat had better be put in a road show—you'll make real money with any animal that smart.—*Mrs. Crockett Ellis.*

"You'll have to come inside—we've discontinued curb service."



A distinguished refugee speaks, through Liberty, to a world torn by war

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Happiness in our Time

MARCUS TERENTIUS VARRO, antiquity's greatest encyclopedist, tells us that the problem of happiness is susceptible to two hundred and eighty different solutions, almost every one of which has been defended by some sage.

We must believe that none of these solutions is correct, since we are not yet happy.

There is no solution, no universal prescription, because happiness is not the same for all men and is found only within ourselves.

If God asked you one day: "What do you wish to make you happy?"—what would you reply? Reflect before answering. Possibly your wish may be realized in this world or the next. What you ask is what you are, what you will become, what you will be.

Say to any man, giving him a serious look: "You are not happy, isn't that so?" He will be disconcerted and won't immediately answer you.

Imagine today your happiness or your paradise. Dream it as delicious and magnificent as possible. Suppose that a God should make it a reality and install you in it definitively. Before the year ends you will be longing to leave it to see if you may not be happier elsewhere.

Count the good and bad moments of your life. Forget the misfortunes and you will be happy, forget the happiness and you will be one to be pitied.

One accustoms oneself to unhappiness more quickly than one had expected. One doesn't accustom oneself to happiness, because it is brief and because during the little time one possesses it one doesn't know what it is.

Happiness is but a single day that it does not even completely fill. Then night falls and only memory remains—to become immortal. Our imagination is very limited when it deals with happiness. It doesn't go far, it doesn't see far, save when it dwells upon unhappiness.

Man has not yet learned to be happy.

One should learn to be happy as one should learn how to die. Most men live only not to die.

Let us learn to hope without hope. That is the last secret of our happiness.

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

DARK fortune

Excitement! Beginning a brisk and thrilling short novel of lovers and money and mystery

PART ONE—THE MAN ON THE BUS

BEFORE the capital was properly astir a girl carrying a suitcase and typewriter walked briskly along New York Avenue and entered the bus terminal.

The heat wave that had wilted Washington's starched collar during the King and Queen's visit continued without abate. People were exhausted. On the waiting-room benches a collection of itinerants, whites and Negroes, postured their fatigue and mental vacuity. All of them gaped at the girl. Her slender loveliness seemed to cool the atmosphere, and under her tawny hair, dull gold in shadow, her eyes had the sparkle of morning dew.

Her name was Joan Meredith. To meet the requirements of the bus schedule she had risen at six o'clock. A lavish breakfast had been prepared for her. But she was too restless to eat, contenting herself with hot roll and coffee, for which the old Negro butler gently admonished her.

"Better eat, Mis' Joan. You is goin' on a long an' tiresome journey."

No, she couldn't swallow a thing. Absurd to feel so excited knowing that before nightfall she would be in Brad's arms. Always, after the shortest separation from him—this had been five days—she felt the same way. But now the feeling was intensified, for she had something to tell him that, without question, would revolutionize both their lives.

In the hall, Toliver helped her on with the white coat she had finally succumbed to in honor of the royal visit and her reportorial part in it. To make up for the extravagance, and a new hat, she had decided to return home by bus. In itself it would be a new experience and an adventure she might some day make literary use of.

It was too early for Aunt Priscilla to put in an appearance, and Joan had said good-by to her in a note.

Having been warned that the bus might be crowded, she had booked a seat in advance by telephone. After paying for it and checking her luggage, she went to the desk and sent a telegram:

BRADLEY MEREDITH, 28 EAST 63D STREET NEW YORK CITY. RETURNING BY BUS. MEET ME AT TERMINAL FOUR THIRTY. LOVE. JOAN.

The sleek gray bus had drawn up outside the waiting room. It was indeed crowded to capacity. The only seat vacant was beside a lean white-haired man whose gaunt face, except for the absence of whiskers, was somewhat reminiscent of Abraham Lincoln. Bleakly blue eyes quickly inspected her, and it amused Joan to think she was being regarded with suspicion.

In her rush to get aboard she had forgotten to buy a newspaper. There was nothing for her to do except gaze across at the passing scenery—of course the old hillbilly wouldn't offer to change seats with her—or look straight ahead.

Well, she had mailed in a fairly good story about Queen Elizabeth, and suffered Sheridan Circle with

"Want to talk to the young lady alone," the old man begged. Joan dropped on her knees beside him.

her usual fortitude. Toliver said she looked like her mother. Her aunt flatly stated that she was exactly like her father.

"Impulsive, willful, unprincipled—the two of you. I never thought I'd see the day when my sister's own child would support another just like him."

The usual criticism of her marriage, word for word almost without variation! Joan had ceased to defend herself with any ardor. "It's not his fault," she reiterated. "He wasn't trained for business."

"Rubbish! He's a good-for-nothing Englishman with an income not sufficient to keep him in shirts." And she said for the thousandth time: "He thought you had money. If you'd an ounce of spirit you'd leave him flat."

Joan said sweetly, "I always thought you believed in the sanctity of marriage, Aunt Priscilla."

The paper fan held in a clawlike hand fluttered vigorously. "You won't get a penny of my money, young lady, until I'm in my grave and won't know, nor care, what you do with it. No doubt you'll get rid of it in a series of fine gestures like your father did with his own and Adela's money before he left her for another woman."

Joan smiled. She had no especial dislike of her aunt. There was something precious about her, like a family relic, fractious and set as an old chest of drawers.

Her mother's only sister! Photographs of them together at school, and when they were brides, showed them to be perceptibly alike. But the devotion of a model husband had produced in Priscilla West a hard and embittered face, while Adela Winsor, for all her unhappiness, remained beautiful to the day of her death.

Her mother's looks, and her courage in the face of reversal and sacrifice, had been Joan's only heritage. She had grown up in the steady decline of her parents' fortunes, moving from the Winsor home in Boston to successively smaller apartments.

Joan had adored Jeffrey Winsor, her father. Not once could she recall a harsh word from him to her mother. It was, therefore, a sudden and violent shattering of a dream world—she was fifteen at the time—when her mother broke the news more graphically publicized in the divorce court. . . .

On the bus a curious sound attracted her attention. Her fellow passenger was tearing an item from his newspaper, using a fingernail, none too clean, in the process. Something in the Help Wanted column? No, of all things, it was a poem! She could read a few lines of it:

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire:
The blue deep thou wingest.

"Do you like Shelley?" she smiled, watching his removal of the lines.

"Shelley?"

"That's from his To a Skylark, I believe."

He put the clipping into his vest pocket and diffidently offered his newspaper. "I'm through with it," he said.

"Thank you." The gesture pleased her. "Did you see the King and Queen yesterday?"

"No—no. I"—he looked through the window—"I kind of go in for looking at trees and flowers and the blue sky. I never tire of looking at 'em."

She revised her impression of him. There was something simple and earthy about the old chap, something independent as a solitary pine.

"Are you going far?"

He didn't immediately answer, his gaze on the countryside. "Can't rightly say. Headed for New York, but I don't know where I may have to go from there."

His voice gave the impression of uncertainty. Respecting his reticence, Joan turned to her newspaper, but she was aware that his gaunt face was turned to her, bleakly blue eyes subjecting her to a thoughtful inspection.

"I've looked forward to this day for a long time," he said, as though deciding she was trustworthy. "Years ago—many years ago—I had a misunderstanding with my son. It wasn't his fault. It was mine. I'm on my way to see him—sort of make amends. I've been without home life for so long that—that I hunger for it."

He paused, hesitating to say more. "Had three children," he confessed hoarsely. "Two of 'em died. My wife's been in her grave thirty-one years. Sprague—that's my son; he's a bookseller—is the only one left—'cept me," he concluded, a shrug hinting at his worthlessness.

His confidence touched her. Sympathetically Joan told him something of herself: that she was married, did a column for a New York trade paper, and hoped some day to write a book.

This interested him. "When I was a young man I had leanings toward painting. Did a few water colors that were reckoned pretty good. I've often wondered what became of them," he said wistfully.

He began to talk about painting and poetry with rare feeling for a man whose hands indicated a lifelong association with hard labor. The two of them became very friendly. And when the bus stopped at Kennett Square, Joan and Elias Holland—he

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATOR
FRANK BENSING

had told her his name—had iced tea together, for which he gallantly paid despite all her protests.

Immediately afterward a frightful thing happened. She had returned to her seat on the bus when the driver tapped on the window.

"That old guy you were talking with — he suddenly caved in!" he shouted. "He's calling for you."

Elias Holland was lying on the ground and some one had placed a coat under his head. With a gnarled hand he feebly tried to wave the circle of watchers away.

"Want to talk to the young lady alone," he begged.

Joan dropped on her knees beside him, alarmed at his pallor, the fading blue of his eyes.

"Listen carefully," he said to her. "Here's my baggage check. Please see that my son gets my few belongings. You've a good face. I know I can trust you." With an effort he took from his breast pocket a letter. "Here's his address. Tell him where I am."

"Of course—but isn't there anything—?"

"I'll be all right, maybe." His filmy eyes were pleading with her. "I want some one I can trust my few possessions to—in case something—in case I—"

"You can trust me."

It all happened so swiftly that she was on the bus again, Kennett Square left behind, before the pathetic situation clarified itself. It was cruel of her to leave a destitute old man without a friend to stand by him. She had stayed until they lifted him into an ambulance, ignoring the warnings of the bus driver that he must go on without her. But in that slight act of mercy she had her way, repeating her promise to Elias Holland, and giving her card to the ambulance doctor in case they wished to get in touch with her.

HER thoughts kept reverting to the old man until she saw it was less than fifty miles to New York. Then Elias Holland was forgotten as Joan concentrated on her husband.

After two years of marriage, love for him still dominated her heart. But into it had crept a growing unrest which her spirit, for all its puissance, could not quite dislodge.

On the death of his father, a canon in an English cathedral, he would receive about $5,000 a year. He had a small income and his earnings varied, depending on the employment of his singular talents.

If Aunt Priscilla once knew about that! she winced.

Favors for which other men slaved and pined came to him easily and without the asking. Fortune put on her best smiles for him only to be ignored. With so many opportunities open to his engaging personality he did nothing to improve their situation. Joan simply couldn't understand it. He seemed content to remain what he had always been, a man about town.

Her mind went back, as it so often did, to an evening in Monte Carlo. It was toward the end of her first and only visit to Europe with her mother.

She had just turned twenty, known Bradley Meredith a scant three days when he had asked her to marry him. They had met, Joan felt instinctively, to be really parted again only when one or the other was dead!

That exact thought he gave verbal expression to when she was in his arms. "Therefore," he smiled, "the damned thing is irrevocable, and marriage the unintelligent answer."

The adjectives were passionately correct. He had told her about his family, saying that he had studied for the church at Oxford and not made much of a go at it. "After that I had a whack at the army, but very soon the expenses of the regiment I preferred were quite beyond me." In addition to a small income, he made about a thousand pounds a year. "As a matrimonial prospect I'm no great shakes, you see." A tremor ran through him as he kissed her. "You lovely, lovely creature!" he breathed.

It was impossible not to surrender her lips to him. "You must be under no illusions about me," she retaliated, explaining her own situation. "This trip is a promise mother made me, and we'll live on bread and cheese when we get home. I have a newspaper job offered me, and nothing will prevent me from taking it. I want," she struggled against herself, "a career."

"Bread and cheese and you. What more could a man seek in this world?" His kisses covered her face. "Well, I suppose it's a go?"

She laughed. "I can't think," she complained.

"Then—it's settled. One more confession: I make my living—I hope this won't startle you—at cards."

Her whole body responded to the shock of it. "You mean — gambling?"

"I suppose you'd really have to call it that."

She tried to release herself.

"What I do is quite all right, you know," he went on, smiling, white teeth showing in the grape-blue darkness of the garden. "Done with the full approval of society. I happen to belong to a few clubs and play a fair game of bridge. That's all it is."

Freed from his embrace, Joan Winsor permitted him to hold her suddenly chilled hands.

"I don't much like it," she said candidly.

"Afraid you wouldn't. But I've got to do something for a living, haven't I?"

"And of course," she responded, "there just isn't any other sort of work to be had?"

"What would you suggest? I think I'd make a good floorwalker or a shoe clerk — particularly if you were a regular customer. You'll have to stagger around under the burden of a title some day, so worse things are in store for you. I'll settle down in your country for a while, if you like," he conceded. "I might be able to find some employment there more agreeable to your Boston ancestry. . . ."

Before she again saw him, she was alone in New York, inconsolable, because the night before his boat docked Adela Winsor died in her sleep. . . .

The bus swung into the Thirty-fourth Street terminal. No matter in what crowd he mingled, Arthur Bradley Hastings Meredith was a salient figure, and Joan recognized him instantly. He was tall, dark, lean and graceful as a thoroughbred race horse, as groomed, well mannered—and impossible to really know. Idiotic, the way her heart was thumping! Her lips refused to remain still while a fingertip gave them a last-minute attention.

"Brad!" She made him embrace her, disregarding his objection to public display.

"'Lo, darling." His brow had furrowed, marring the perfection of his masculine face. "Awful way to travel. You must be rather fagged. Where are your duds? Let's get out of this awful place."

"Here." She gave him her baggage check. "Oh, wait—here's another one! I don't know what you'll find. An old chap—I'll tell you all about him later—anyway I've promised to take care of his belongings."

Meredith, now kneeling, was gazing with sphinxlike eyes.

Bradley Meredith gave the two checks to a porter, opened a gold case, lighted a cigarette.

"What news of your father?" Joan asked.

"Still the same. He's liable to linger on for years."

The porter returned with her luggage which he carried in one hand. He labored more strenuously with a large leather bag that had seen better days, its straps worn, its lock tarnished. Elias Holland's worldly possessions.

In the taxi, Brad said, "Now, how about a drink?"

Her shoulder rested more comfortably against his. "Let's go home," she sighed. "It's sufficiently exhilarating coming back to you, Brad; knowing we belong to each other. Did you miss me?"

"Frightfully." He gave the word the full ardor of his longing, and in the same breath instructed the taxi

driver: "Twenty-eight East Sixty-third."

"What have you been doing with yourself, Brad?"

"Had dinner with the Gallands one evening, saw Ted and Harriet Trench once or twice."

"Bridge?"

"A couple of sessions."

She didn't care to look at him. Anyway, it was impossible for her to learn from his face whether he won or lost, whether good luck or dark fortune attended him, for the results of his card playing he kept to himself. He had the inscrutable face of—the word suddenly came to her with penetrating dread—a gambler.

"Tell me about this thing?" he inquired, his polished shoe kicking the leather bag.

She explained in detail. "I'm sure he hadn't a penny in the world, and yet he bought tea for me."

Bradley Meredith raised her gloved hand to his lips. "Jolly decent of you, darling. You have his son's address?"

"In a letter."

"What did that have to say?"

"I didn't think I should read it. I thought, afterward, that I should have written the address down and given the letter back to him. But it all happened so quickly."

Since servants were intended for such people as Arthur Bradley Hastings Meredith, his immaculate hand didn't touch the leather bag during its transference from the taxi to the hall closet of his apartment. Gene, the apartment elevator boy, took care of that.

"Oh, Brad darling!" Joan scolded him in their living room. "You shouldn't do these lovely things for me." Her eyes were enchanted by dozens of long-stemmed roses.

"I *should* do them," he emphasized, taking her in his arms. For a long time he kept his lips on hers. "I wish to heaven," he said emotionally, "I could do more for you."

The beating of her heart quickened, and she was wondering just how to tell him, when he released her and went to the serving pantry.

"What's it to be? Tom Collins or a short drink?"

"Gin and ginger ale."

"Beastly concoction."

Taking off her hat and white coat, she went into the bedroom. More roses there. Joan lifted them to her face, closing her eyes as she whispered:

"Do let it be for the best—the answer to all my prayers. It's bound to change him. He has the ability to make a success of anything he puts his mind to—"

"Paging Miss Dorothy Thompson." This was his reference to her literary ambitions. "Gin and ginger ale coming up."

She joined him, took his glass and hers and placed both on a table. "Put your arms around me, Brad."

He manifested amazement. "Think of being invited to do that!"

She made every effort to appear smiling, but tears had come, and kissing the corner of his mouth her lips were trembling.

"I'm—I'm going to have a baby."

For a long time he said nothing, his embrace gently tightening.

"I thought we—I thought you—"

"I changed my mind, Brad." Words now felt like pebbles in her mouth. "Not because it was wrong not to have a child, but because it might be better for—for both of us."

He was silent.

"You're not sorry about it, are you, Brad?"

"Great Scott, of course not! I'm—I'm delighted—in a way." He caught her to him, his face buried in her soft tawny hair. "You poor lovely adorable creature."

In the grip of his arms Joan gave way to her tears. He kissed her.

"When will it be?"

For some reason the question broke her tension, and she was sobbing and laughing.

"In January."

"Well, we'll have to take an inventory, won't we? We'll need a bigger place, a nurse, and one or two little items like that. Meanwhile," he said with resumed aplomb, "our drinks, Miss Thompson. We've got something here to toast, damned if we haven't." He put a glass in her hand. "Count this one out," he grinned. "We'll do it later in better style—with champagne."

"I love you."

"Finish it," he challenged her.

"Finish what?"

"The sentence."

"I love you. Repeat *ad infinitum*."

"Then I'll say it for you. 'I love you, and you don't deserve it.'"

"You don't think you deserve it?" For Joan the question, all at once, was laden with importance.

"I know I don't," he said quietly, and lifting his glass he again grinned. "To the little one."

Solemnly she touched his glass with her own. "To our future together," she said with grave introspection.

AN hour later, refreshed by a cold shower, she lay on her bed mentally composing the outline for a follow-up story on her Washington visit. The publication she worked for, Smart Fashion, wanted more material on the royal visit

Joan felt pleasantly relaxed and, in the main, pleased with Brad's response to her confession, although she would have been more comforted with a forthright, if tentative, outline of his plans to meet the situation.

She listened to him at the telephone. He was ordering dinner and wine with a lavish hand, and inviting Ted and Harriet Trench to be with them. Joan hoped he wouldn't ask his new friends, the Gallands, for there was something about them—particularly Ronnie Galland — she didn't like.

In their immediate effort to get in touch with Elias Holland's son, they had run into a blank wall. The address given on the two-page letter proved to be a Yonkers apartment building. The present manageress had never heard of Sprague Holland.

Brad Meredith was now dressed for the evening, and in his white double-breasted dinner jacket he would shortly gain the attention of every woman who saw him. The telephone rang, and he answered it.

"Yes? Who? Oh, how are you, Larry? In the pink, old boy, in the pink. What? You don't say so! I can't possibly understand it. Of

course not. There's a mistake somewhere. Put the check through again, will you? Wait a minute—was it drawn on the Fifth Avenue bank? Well, look here, Larry, tear it up and I'll send you another check this very moment. The whole thing was infernally stupid of me. Awfully sorry. Righto—see you Thursday night."

At once there was such a profound silence that Joan visualized him sitting by the telephone, stunned by the dilemma. Then she heard the scratching of a pen and the rip of a torn-out check.

"It's six thirty, Joan," he reminded her.

She heard the hall door open as he went out, presumably to drop his letter down the mail chute. His and another voice reached her, and then he appeared in the bedroom.

"Telegram."

She opened it with fingers suddenly, for some strange reason, nervously agitated.

REGRET TO INFORM YOU ELIAS HOLLAND DIED 4.55 TODAY. SUM OF $3.52 KEY AND PRINTED POEM ONLY POSSESSIONS. WAITING ADVICE FOR DISPOSAL OF BODY. TOLER.
KENNETT SQUARE HOSPITAL.

"Poor old man," she said, handing Brad the message. "What on earth are we to do?"

He read the telegram. "I'll phone them—ask them to postpone things until we find his son. I'll trot up to that Yonkers address first thing in the morning. Now don't worry about this at all, darling." He stooped and kissed her. "It mustn't spoil your fun tonight. As a special favor, will you wear that chartreuse thing? Allure isn't the word for it."

He left her and she heard the telephone dial give three even swishes. "Long-distance? Telegram to T-O-L-E-R, Kennett Square Hospital, Pennsylvania."

JOAN rose and from the closet took down the chartreuse dress.

"When I was a young man I wanted to be a painter." Elias Holland's thin voice came back to her. "I've been without a home for so long I hunger for it." Poor dear old man. It seemed a desecration, almost, that she was going out to dance and drink champagne.

At her dressing table she absently brushed her hair. Behind her Brad said:

"This was written over six years ago."

Turning, she saw a letter in his hand.

"You mean the—?"

"I've been reading it in the hope that it might give us some light on the—" He scanned the letter. "And look here, d'you know what I think?"

"What?"

"This Elias Holland chap was a jailbird. I believe he was in prison when he received this letter."

"Oh, nonsense, Brad."

"Well, listen to this: 'You and I have little to say to each other. You've brought me plenty of trouble, and I don't even care to see you when you get out.'"

"Brad, that dear old man couldn't have done anything to land him in prison. I simply won't believe it."

"And this: 'It's not alone what you're paying the penalty for, it's what you did to all of us. When George and Alice died they were well out of it to my way of thinking.' If that doesn't point to jail I'm a Dutchman."

"But, Brad, if you saw his face—the character in it—the simplicity of the man—his gentleness—"

"Some of the handsomest brutes"—his lids fluttered—"are where they belong, under lock and key."

A bell gave a ping simultaneously with a rap-rappity-rap-rap on the door.

"Ted and Harriet," he said. "Do hurry."

"Give me about fifteen minutes." And she added, "Don't say anything, will you, Brad?"

"About what?" Then suddenly he realized that she referred to her coming baby. It staggered him to know he had already forgotten it.

EDMUND TRENCH was a Wall Street man in his early thirties, the former Harriet Winterspoon of Newport his third wife. Like Meredith, he wore a white dinner coat, and his wife was dazzling in orange.

"A long Tom Collins if you have one, Meredith. This heat's got me gasping."

"Me, too," Harriet Trench put in. "Where's Joan?"

"She'll be on deck in a moment."

The two women exchanged greetings at the distance, and Edmund Trench gave it as his opinion that the visit of England's King and Queen precluded the possibility of further grabbing on the part of "Der Furious."

Brad Meredith spoke to him with lofty correction: "War this year, Trench. I'd say around September."

"Nossir."

"What would you do, Brad, if your country became involved?"

"I don't see any chance of them turning me down. Sound in wind and limb, milady. I like your dress." He didn't, but he said so.

"Thanks. What would Joan do?"

"Come with me. She'd love it." And once more he reminded himself that she was going to have a baby.

"Now, see here, Brad," Trench told him belligerently, "this party tonight is on me, or Harriet and I will go out on our own. And that's flat."

Although he meant every word of it, he had expected the customary retaliation of a detached independence. To his surprise, registered in the widening of Trench's robin-egg eyes, Meredith capitulated with a single word: "Righto."

He was thinking of his telephone conversation with Lawrence Grierson. He had been a fool to give him that check without making sure how he stood at the Fifth Avenue bank. Better start trimming his sails! Joan's wants shouldn't depend on the vagaries of good or poor bridge hands. Something *had* to be done! Something—but what? What in the devil could he do? He felt desperate, his head on the block!

ABOUT two months later he vented his ire at his financial difficulties—he had dropped $250 to Grierson the night before—by kicking, with a good deal of savagery, a brown leather bag he stumbled over in the hall closet. He was alone, Joan being out on some assignment for her paper.

In the search for Sprague Holland both of them had given up a great deal of their time and gone to much expense. At this precise moment Brad Meredith considered it a prodigious waste of money—and for nothing save exasperation. For Sprague Holland could not be found.

Largely to accommodate Joan's sympathetic attachment, he had gone to Kennett Square and seen that Elias Holland was given a decent burial, paying all the expenses from his own pocket. The poem, the $3.52, the key—presumably a key to the leather bag—had been mislaid, couldn't be found. Brad Meredith didn't want them, and as he returned to New York he had wanted to wash his hands of the whole matter.

Here was this cursed bag! A damned headache!

With an inbred distaste at even touching the thing, he tried to open it. Locked. He lifted it. Infernally heavy. Filled with the tools of his trade, whatever trade that might be. Jailbird!

Meredith got hold of a bit of wire, and with skillful manipulation opened the lock. A musty odor exuded from nondescript apparel, old shirts, socks, coat and vest, a few worn books of poetry.

"To Elias on his twentieth birthday. From mother."

Confound it! Was there no evidence at all of some address to which the bag could be sent?

Rummaging around with the toe of his shoe, Meredith suddenly stiffened as though his foot had uncovered a viper. Under a thin surface of odd bits of clothing, the bag was packed with bundles of one-hundred- and fifty-dollar bills fastened with elastic bands.

At a competent guess, Meredith, now kneeling on the floor, involuntarily brought to that position of obeisance, was gazing with sphinx-like eyes at $100,000.

Will temptation overcome Brad? Will he take the money without telling Joan about it, and abandon his search for Elias Holland's son? Surprising complications enter the Mereditths' lives in next week's chapter, and thrust them into a perilous situation.

Is your vote worth $5?

It brings you more than that! An arresting 1940 challenge to 47 per cent of America

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

NOT long ago a friend of mine ran for Congress in a neighboring state. My friend wasn't a politician; he was a successful attorney whose professional earnings were five times the salary paid a congressman. He had seen the district in which he had lived since boyhood taken over by a thoroughly corrupt machine, and he and a number of other decent citizens decided that they must restore good government. They put up a hard fight, and expected to win.

"Of course," my friend's campaign manager said, "we haven't a chance in the two industrial towns, where votes are bought openly and the machine controls everything. But most of the district is populated by the better class of people who own their homes and have a real interest in honesty and efficiency in public affairs. The machine will have a large plurality the other side of the river, but we'll overcome that and elect our man by a safe margin."

They didn't. I don't remember whether it rained on Election Day and the "better class" didn't want to get wet, or whether it was fine and they wanted to play golf. Anyway, the industrial towns cast 82 per cent of their possible vote, and the "better class" cast 27 per cent of *its* possible vote. That isn't so very far below our national average. In our four preceding Presidential campaigns only 53 per cent of all possible voters took the trouble to vote.

Democracy works only while we work for democracy. And I don't mean while the other fellow works for democracy. The difference between our government and totalitarian government is solely that here every one has a vote in that government. This priceless privilege and guaranty was given us by our forefathers who fought at Bunker Hill and froze at Valley Forge. If what they had won for us had been an eternal financial endowment from which each of us received a check for five dollars the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, I feel very sure that a great many more than 53 per cent of us would cash our checks. Perhaps more nearly 100 per cent. It seems strange that we should be less eager to take advantage of a ballot that buys for us things of so much greater value — freedom, security, what makes life worth while.

Of course, the chief reason we don't cash our check, or take a greater interest in our government, is the spirit of "Let George do it." What if we *don't* vote? The other fellow will. You bet he will! The fellow—thousands and thousands of them—whose ballot doesn't even bring him five dollars, but one or two dollars—you can count on them. *None* of us must "let George do it," because just figure for yourself what would happen if *every one* did it! Some men are glad to sell their votes for one dollar, and some ask a higher price —office, or patronage, or money from the government, or special privilege of some sort. All the people who make a profession of politics, all their hangers-on, their parasites vote, rain or shine, early and often.

A second reason for not cashing our check is the belief that one ballot doesn't count — the question, What can *I* do? But, of course, one man multiplied by millions can do almost anything. It is safe to say that the balance of power in this country is that 47 per cent that doesn't vote. Those "best citizens" who stay home or play golf on Election Day could turn the tide. I used to say, "What does my vote matter? It can be canceled by that of any moron." I didn't see the other side of the picture: that the moron's vote can be canceled by mine.

Years ago, my wife and daughter and I traveled a long way to cast our ballots at a local election run by a local and extremely corrupt machine. The henchmen of this machine challenged every citizen they believed opposed to them. After waiting five hours we were still at the end of a long queue. My wife and daughter wanted to quit and go home. "What difference would it make?" they asked. All three of us stayed—and the forces of decency won that election *by two votes!*

Every one of us is a full partner in the government of the United States. At this moment the issues are more vital, perhaps, than ever before in our history. Upon the decision made November 5 may depend our lives and happiness, and even the life of our nation.

Don't be a silent partner—vote!

THE END

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

A WINDOW WITH Geraniums

A tender, human tale of two girls' groping hearts and a tragedy that left a trail of happiness behind

ADELE raised the window. What a breeze! Down there, sixteen floors below, the streets lay blistering in still heat. But up here—she'd have to tuck the paper napkins under the forks to hold them down.

Adele moved away from the window abruptly. She'd sure have to step on it now—that Gert was late again.

She dumped the table silver out in a tinny avalanche. Why didn't she just quit? She would of, if Mr. Crowley hadn't advertised for another girl yesterday. Three would hardly do for the summer business.

The elevator clanged out in the hall, and some one stood in the open door. Asking — almost pleading, "Please, is this where—you advertised for a waitress?"

Adele was polishing tabletops, and her dogged arm never stopped. These fifteen tabletops were the plague of her life. Plate glass, and you couldn't look at 'em without leaving a mark.

"Mr. Crowley ain't in yet, but you could siddown and wait—"

Without appearing to, she had already taken stock of the newcomer. Only a kid, and peaked-faced, at that. Hair just a lot of yella fluff. What was she lookin' so scared about? She must want this job awful bad!

Adele noted, with another sidelong glance, that the girl had avoided laying her shabby brown bag on the newly polished table at her elbow. She'd do, then—if she had the strength.

As Adele started around with a tray of tumblers, the elevator clanged again, and a little man who rested a straw hat on his stomach appeared in the doorway.

Adele drawled confidentially, "Some one to see you, Mr. Crowley."

Mr. Crowley advanced upon the waiting girl, sat down opposite, placing ten broad moist fingers heavily before him on the glass.

His voice made her jump. "Ever wait on tables before?" And then, "Why ja leave?"

The girl's lips were pale and there were small beads in the light gold fringe on her forehead. "My husband—got a good job, so he thought I could stay home. Then—y' see—he lost it."

Mr. Crowley relaxed, then shouted abruptly, "'Del!"

Adele approached from all of five feet away. He indicated her with his thumb. "This here is *A*-dele. She'll show you the work. You can start right in. What'd you say your name is?"

"Beulah. Beulah Miller." The gray eyes were shining.

Mr. Crowley held up his hand impressively. "Just one thing. Everything all right with you at home? I mean, with your husband, and like that? I got to have my girls keep happy, see? Service with a *smile!*" He grinned ferociously. "Understand?"

Harry found them in the bar. He spoke straight to her: "I took Beulah to the hospital."

BY RUTH TRACY MILLARD

There was one flash of sick terror in the child's eyes again. Then the yellow head lifted smartly. "Oh, yes, sir! You can count on me!"

"All right, then, get busy. And, 'Del!"

He pointed angrily at the glass before him. "This table top isn't clean!"

The new girl followed to the locker room, which contained a wavy mirror over a washbasin, one chair, one window giving on ugly roofs of warehouses. Adele offered tiredly, "Here's a uniform for t'day. May be kinda big—"

Slowly the other girl undid her cheap little jacket suit.

Adele dragged a comb through her short hair. The heat had already taken all the curl. She made a dab or two with her puff. Powder was no good on a day like this. She glanced around.

So *that* was it. No wonder the poor kid was so scared. The borrowed uniform wouldn't be too big.

Her voice conveyed nothing but her own utter exhaustion: "Listen, dearie. How long you think *you're* goin' to last?"

But suddenly she hated this—Beulah, was it?—for coming here. For making her face again the old ugly question. Would it be worth it—

Not that there was any use in asking that! As if it were a bargain you could make with fate! You knew

all the time it wasn't any bargain in which you could haggle over the terms. You knew there was only the question—whether Milt would come back the next time. Next time the fleet was in, down at the naval base.

Milt wasn't going to put up with her stalling much longer. He'd given her fair warning. What was the matter with her? It didn't do any good to set her teeth and tell herself, Take him or leave him, one or the other! If she couldn't take him without all this fume and fret—still she couldn't leave him. Because—oh, just because of the smooth shape of his dark hair—the taut little muscle at the edge of his mouth.

Bitterly she asked herself, Why couldn't I have fallen for Harry? Harry's swell—one in a million!

It wasn't any use. And it wasn't that a girl didn't know what the score was—if she'd rather give—something for nothing to a man who could stir her blood.

It all had gone through her mind again in the space of one indrawn breath. Before she looked around into the crimson and quivering small face. Saw its stark terror—and a pitiful, kittenlike rage.

"Listen yourself!" sobbed the girl Beulah. "Don't you dare tell Mr. Crowley on me! Sure, this is why I lost my other place. But my husband *is* outa work! And I'm feelin' better now. And—I *got* to have this job!"

Adele got slowly to her feet. "Wash your face now, dearie. And put on some rouge. I'm not telling nothing. And with these frilly aperns you'll do for quite a whiles."

A FEW minutes later the door flew open and a girl blew in—a girl who stared at Beulah out of a face like a camouflaged battleship. Adele spoke carelessly: "The boss was askin' about you. I told him your mother phoned you was sick." And continued, without turning, "Meet the new girl. Beulah, meet Gert."

"Pleased, I'm sure." Beulah sounded doubtful.

"Yeah?" responded Gert without enthusiasm.

Adele spoke, as if to no one in particular: "We get a plate of soup, and then it's time to open."

Beulah caught on quickly enough to the lunch-hour routine. Customers seemed to come all at once. Their chatter rose with the clatter of the dishes to rattle against the ceiling. At least, till this was over, you couldn't think about anything else.

Beulah was remembering to smile, evidently anxious to please. Mr. Crowley's eye was on her.

Adele moved and spoke automatically. Menu, glass of water. Tea, coffee, or milk? Lemon or cream? Coffee now or later? Calling the orders in the kitchen: "Three chicken kings—one special with mashed! One fruit salad, dress on the side." Serve. Clear. Wipe up. Reset. Then do it all over again.

In and out of the steaming kitchen. Two trays of dirty dishes, two coins slipped from a tablecloth. It took a lot of those to make a dollar.

Gert moved with gyrating hips, and did not scruple to linger with the men. Adele, serving the busiest section, managed still to give Beulah an unobtrusive hand. In the dining room there was still a faint breeze, but in the kitchen the steam seemed to condense on one's body and run all the way down. At last the elevator began carrying more down than up. The noon rush was over.

The three girls lined up before the chef. Beulah cast one glance at a bowl of pink shrimp salad being stowed away in the icebox. Then they were each handed a plate of corned beef and cabbage.

SUMMER settled in. You didn't think of weeks, only of days. Sunday was the day your seven dollars a week looked the smallest.

Adele was first on the job in the mornings. Beulah hurried in soon after. Gert was always late, as today when she strolled in, stopped suddenly, and pointed in derision.

"Look at 'Del!" she shrilled. "The fleet's in! If you didn't know it, you'd only hafta look at 'Del."

Adele's hand went quickly to her new wave. (Done last night, after hours, by an operator she knew.) And Beulah cried warmly, "That's a swell wave you got, 'Del! Makes you look—awful pretty!"

Gert advised, with a wink, "Get wise, 'Del. Sailor friends are O. K.—if you got one on every ship!"

Gert was already gone, that night, when the other two dressed for the street. Beulah watched Adele at the wavy mirror. "'Del—I sure hope—he always treats you right!"

"He sure does." But Adele's eyes were on the mirror. "You oughtta see the stuff he brings me from foreign parts. A Chinese coat from Frisco. And a Mexican bracelet, solid silver, two inches wide."

Blood came to her cheeks, remembering that. The rough way he'd whispered, "Why isn't that as good as a wedding ring? Jeepers, 'Del—" She shivered suddenly.

What difference did it make? Beulah had held out for the prayer-book stuff. *And look at her now.*

Beulah confided timidly, "I like seein' you so—pepped up, kinda—about your date. Makes me think how me and Joe—used to be."

Adele sent her a quick glance. So it was as she had suspected. Without undue emphasis, she asked, "Still outa work, is he?" And then, at the weary little nod, "Soon as he finds something, dearie, it'll be all right. It's—so kinda hard on a man."

Beulah changed the subject: "After the pictures—you got any place to go?"

Adele shook her head. "Only a bench in the park." (Or a cheap hotel. A sailor always had the price of that!) "No. My landlady's fussy. Won't even let Harry in my room. And he's straight as they come."

"Harry? Your friend that drives the truck?"

"That's the one. He has his own truckin' business. Always talkin' about a place in the country, though—and I'm not cut out for a farmer's wife. He gave me two geraniums for my south winda. They bloom like nobody's business."

Beulah sighed. "Red geraniums? Gee— Joe don't go for flowers."

Adele asked offhandedly, "How's he feel about—you know?" And saw the small face go more tired.

"Oh, he don't go much for babies, either, I guess. It's natural, with him so young—and no money comin' in, only what I make."

"How old is he? You're not so old yourself!"

"Oh, Joe's nineteen. And I'll be eighteen when—when it happens!" Beulah leaned forward, eyes bright. "You know what I call him? The baby, I mean. Already? I call him 'Bubsie.' Silly, isn't it? But I kind of like to!"

THE next morning Beulah was late. Unusual for her. She came in very quietly. "Hello, 'Del. Dirty trick to leave you do all the work."

"That's all right."

Adele stole an unobtrusive glance. The kid had put on make-up, but if you looked you could see how pale she was. And—when the two of them came back from the locker room—Beulah's long uniform sleeves were buttoned tight at the wrist. What was the child thinking of, on a day like this? Adele sang out:

"Better roll your sleeves up high today—it's going to be a scorcher!"

"Sh!" hissed Beulah quickly. "I can't let Mr. Crowley see—" She dropped to one of the painted chairs to muffle her tearing sobs.

Adele picked up the thin arm and gently pushed up the sleeve. Black and blue and ugly yellow. Almost to the shoulder.

"*Joe*—" came Beulah's convulsive whisper. "Oh, 'Del—*Joe* done that to me! It never would have happened if he hadn't got to drinkin'! He's been worse right along, lately. And he never was one to touch it till after he lost his job—honest, 'Del! But it got so he could hardly wait till I'd get in the house. 'Make good t'day?' he'd want to know then. So that, fin'lly, I didn't darst tell him quite how much I'd made. I'd hold back just a little, and hide it in the clock. I had to—for Bubsie!"

Adele stood silent. Then she drawled slowly, "I s'pose then he found it. And—you tried to make him give it back?"

Beulah's sobs were her answer.

Adele demanded, but gently, "And where is he now?"

"I—I may's well tell you, 'Del. He—he always hated Bubsie. He's gone. He—won't never come back."

"Listen, kid." Adele was speaking softly. "No more worryin'. I've got a real big room. A south room, sunny and nice. With a double

(*Continued on page 21*)

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(*Continued from page 18*)
bed I don't need all to myself. And two swell geraniums in the winda." . . .

It was three months now that the two of them had been sharing Adele's room. And soon they would be three. Each night, counting over her pocketful of small change, Adele put a little aside. This was for the doctor, and this for a secondhand crib, and this for a folding canvas carriage—

Harry was a frequent visitor, even though, by the landlady's edict, he stopped always at the doorway. The window garden had been enlarged to include begonias and ferns.

Beulah spent most of her time in the wicker chair near the window. She had to take it easy now. The doctor had said she shouldn't have carried those heavy trays so long.

"HOW'S our fine lady tonight?" Harry's voice was like the slow throaty boom of a giant clock. His brown honest face was quizzically puckered up; the whole doorway seemed filled with his big uniform and leather puttees. His day's work was done. He'd had an Irish stew at a lunch wagon, and a piece of pie. That was fine, that was swell. If there was something else for the evening— He looked at Adele.

"Hey, kid." (He always said "kid," and in his voice she liked it.) "How about a picture show?" But then he looked again, and answered himself, with all the exuberance gone from his voice. "Oh, uh—sorry. I see you got a date."

The fleet was in again. Adele was at the mirror, adjusting her little old fur piece. Suddenly she saw Harry's eyes in the glass—the brief wry twist of his mouth. It seemed to twist her own heart as she thought, Tonight I have to decide. And—I can't let Milt go! After this—I can't go out with Harry any more.

For an instant she stood motionless. Then she snapped the heavy Mexican bracelet on her wrist.

Stopping to smile down at Beulah, she could feel the wild beating of her heart. "You sure, Beulah," she insisted, "you wouldn't rather I'd stay in?" Queer, her own voice, asking that. Almost as if she hoped Beulah would—

Beulah scolded her. "I should say not! My goodness! Isn't there two whole weeks yet? I'll be fine. And Harry'll talk to me a little while."

Oh, Harry—like a guarding lion in the doorway. Had she—like poor little Beulah—fallen for the wrong kind of guy? The guarding lion moved aside. She passed him, looking straight ahead.

Adele waited at the drugstore. Milt never was on time—for her. But soon she saw him coming, with the familiar little shiver, the dark surge of unquiet that the sight of him always gave.

What was it about that particular rolling swagger, out of all the others down the street? About that mischievous one-sided grin?

Tonight neither of them said a word. He reached out, closed his fingers tight upon her arm. Then he swung her toward the park. Down one of the sheltered paths.

In a corner, by a flowering bush, suddenly she was in his arms. Roughly, arrogantly. Knowing the hardness, the aliveness of his body—feeling the ruthlessness of his mouth against her own.

Then he was holding her off—saying, not asking, through his teeth, "So you *will* love me. —Tonight?"

"All right, Milt. Whatever you want."

She was staring at his face through the summer dusk, stung a little by its sardonic triumph. He had been so sure of her all along!

His arm slid round her possessively. There was satisfaction in his voice. "Then let's go have a drink."

She wished, vaguely, it hadn't been necessary to do that.

The bar was blue with sailors, bright with the dresses of clinging girls. Milt found them a corner booth. She sat down among the beer fumes, the fantastic wreathing smoke. And told herself, over and over, It's decided now. It's the only thing. A girl can't go on like I've been. Eat to keep going—then keep going so you can eat! There's got to be something besides that.

Milt was laughing at something she hadn't heard—and tossing them off faster than she'd ever seen him. She reached for her own drink. Perhaps that would cure the cold sickness she felt rising inside.

She thought, I'm just being a damn fool. Don't I know what I want? Maybe every girl has to feel like this—once." Again she reached for her glass.

IT was there that Harry found them —in the Anchor Bar.

She saw him, striding through the din of the nickel piano, and the voices and the smoke, like an oblivious giant. He spoke straight to her, over Milt's jaunty head:

"I took Beulah to the hospital, 'Del. Not so long after you left. She's not—doing so good. That's why I came."

She forgot Milt entirely. She forgot everything else but Beulah. She was on her feet, throat dry, fingers clutching for jacket and bag. She was begging Harry, in a stifled voice, "Get me outa here—quick!"

Then a hand had clamped down on her wrist—tighter than the Mexican bracelet, forcing the heavy silver into her flesh. A voice was saying, hard as the silver and twice as sharp, "Where you think you're goin'?"

She faced him, breathless, urgent. "To the hospital! Milt, it's *Beulah!*"

It was then she really saw his face, with all its lights and angles changed. Saw the narrowed ugliness of his mouth and eyes.

"*And so what?* Just because some dame has a baby—you can't give me the run-around again!"

Had she ever asked herself what love really was? Or how it could be measured? In one of those moments of illumination, like lightning through the thunderheads of emotion, suddenly she knew.

But just to be very sure, she waited long enough to ask him, very softly, "Milt, I *can't* come with you. Will you—come with *me?*"

He answered her: "For cripes' sake, no! To a *hospital?* That isn't my idea of shore leave!"

Then his grip on her wrist relaxed suddenly. Harry's big bulk had thrust itself between.

AFTER the hours of that night, Milt couldn't matter, ever any more. Nothing mattered just now except—this thing she had known, somehow, long before they came at last and told her. Before she heard her own strangled sobbing. Before Harry's arm made a shield against the first sharp thrust of sorrow.

Minutes, or hours, or days—she never knew how long he sat holding her, without a word, on the hard hospital bench. While she thought, How can I—polish those table tops, set out that silver again? Tomorrow, and the next day, and the next day—

Then suddenly there was a white uniform standing before them, holding a little bundle of blankets.

Harry stood up. She saw his brown hard cheeks wet as, with a gentle unhesitating sureness, he reached out for the bundle—then turned to lay it in her arms. A bit of a head that showed—yes, already—the finest fluff of gold.

"*Bubsie!*" whispered Adele's numb lips. And something stiffened the passive curving of her arms.

Who was going to keep Bubsie from going to the orphanage? Who was going to tell him about his mother? Who was going to give him—a boy's fair chance?

Harry's big shoulders were bent toward them both. His eyes crinkled suddenly as the mite opened its eyes. Wonderingly Adele stared up at him.

Just Harry. Just the same. But she might never have seen him before. Square, and simple, and unpretentious as good homemade bread. Sweet as the taste of fresh bread in a starving mouth.

Was there something that much bigger than what she'd felt for Milt?

With infinite gentleness Harry's big brown hand reached down. An infinitesimal pink one wavered toward it—then curled tightly on its thumb. Harry's delight exploded in a resounding whisper. "'Del! Gee! Will you lookit that?"

Then his eyes were on hers. Clear as the view over the city. Bright as sunlight on geraniums. The same look they'd always held—for her. Quiet, steadfast, understanding.

Suddenly Harry cleared his throat. He was speaking to the baby, as man to man—a little bit gruffly:

"Say, there, little fella. What would *you* say to a nice little place in the country?"

THE END

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

DID DALADIER

A revelation of the things behind a nation's fall — and a woman's part in what happened

BY "PERTINAX"

WHEN Georges Mandel, the Colonial Minister, was determined to secure the approval of Edouard Daladier, the President of the Council, for any measure he deemed necessary to enforce, he used to write to him as follows: "I have laid down my proposals and it rests with you, of course, to accept or reject them. But if you reject them, the responsibility will be laid at your door." Daladier hated that kind of note, intended to place on record that he had committed himself to a definite decision in defiance of the advice tendered by the competent minister. At once he waived his objections.

Gamelin never learned to bully the head of the government in that abrupt manner.

His windings and turnings at a time when the fate of the nation hung upon what he did or left undone ought to have speedily convinced Daladier that the supreme command had better be transferred to a more energetic personality. And it is a fact that the French Premier had his doubts about the High Command. But, during the four years he was in charge of national defense, did he ever make it his business to ascertain whether the generalissimo and the army leaders under him deserved the confidence reposed in them? Did he try to get in touch with experts in a position to express an independent opinion? No. He spoke about giving up his portfolio when Reynaud, on assuming the premiership, resolved to appoint de Gaulle to the committee of national defense.

It is obvious that if a Premier is worth his salt he will not put up for long with the presence of a weakling in the supreme military post. Gamelin and Daladier did not find it easy to co-operate, but they did not actually clash. The trouble was that Daladier, unhelped by the generalissimo, had to supply all the driving force required by the war emergency; that it fell to him singlehanded to overhaul not only the civil but also the military administration, put out of gear by two decades of carelessness, neglect, and postponement of issues.

There is a good deal to be said in favor of Daladier. He is a man of shining honesty. Never has he been linked to obscure dealings. His unimaginative but deep-seated patriotism, that of a peasant, his general intelligence, his classical culture cannot be challenged.

So much, so good. But directly we see him in action among the politicians he professes to lead, what a disappointment! He is entirely deprived of will power. He is the typical product of that debonair republican regime in which every Frenchman did exactly as he pleased. Patronage and all-round feeble tolerance: such was the stark reality underneath the great slogans which for over a century had embodied the republican tradition.

I am convinced that Daladier was one of the most inconsistent of all French politicians, as he continuously adapted himself to changing circumstances and seldom curbed men and affairs to resolves of his own. The paradox is that he should have been endowed, on account of his paucity of words, of his sulking face and strong jaw, with a reputation for energy, and that a succession of enabling acts passed under the pressure of the German menace, and, to crown them all, the law about the organization of the nation in wartime, should have made of him a virtual dictator. His sad, thoughtful eyes should have enabled people to know better. Mind you, when surrounded by good advisers he could rise above himself. But the spell never lasted long, and his natural despondency and slackness speedily came back again.

Moreover, pernicious influences preyed on him. He had been left a widower. Of late years the Marquise de Crussol, a bright and lively little lady, had taken charge of him. He usually spent his evenings with her and occasionally both went to a place near Rambouillet for the week-end. When a horse threw him to the ground with a broken ankle last February, a mishap which weakened him physically and contributed to his moral undoing, she was riding with him. I have not heard that she ever tried to interfere seriously in state affairs. But at her house Daladier frequently met Daniel Serruys, a professor of Greek turned economist and banker, a brilliant talker whose totalitarian leanings had suddenly disturbed his friends, and Emmanuel Arago, a type of Parisian gossip with no definite aims of his own. Those two men made it their special task to bridge the abyss between the

Premier's exalted solitude and the outside world. In that small circle where he went in the evening to relax was kindled and fed his hate toward Paul Reynaud, the Minister of Finance, and Léon Blum, the former Prime Minister and leader of the Socialist Party with about 150 deputies at his beck and call.

Paul Reynaud had never been a friend of Daladier. He owed his cabinet appointment to Mme. de Portes, who had been shrewd enough to capture or recapture Mme. de Crussol's favor at the right moment. Serruys, who hated Reynaud's ideas regarding financial and foreign policy, had arranged to be appointed High Commissioner for National Economy, and as such was treated as a usurper by

REYNAUD

BLUM

MANDEL

DALADIER

BETRAY FRANCE?

the Ministry of Finance. He had an ax to grind; he saw to it that a wedge should be driven between both ministers. As to Léon Blum, he was Reynaud's friend, although Reynaud had nothing to do with Socialism. Since the days of Laval, Reynaud and Blum had never wavered in their conviction that the very life of France was at stake in the struggle against Hitler. It was a tragedy that, as early as December, 1939, Daladier should have estranged them and, afterward, unceasingly suspected them of hatching plots. Without the cooperation of those three men, the determined leadership needed in the circumstances could not assert itself.

Daladier held sound views about the general conduct of the war. He was fully enlightened about the numerous gaps in France's armaments, and he was therefore in constant fear that a German attack would be launched before our minimum preparations had been completed. Hence his deft maneuvering to delude Hitler into thinking that after all he, Daladier, had still in him the "spirit of Munich" and might, sooner or later, incline toward a separate peace. To what extent Hitler was duped cannot be found out. But there is irrefutable evidence that Daladier deliberately undertook to deceive Hitler, and that he exhibited self-control as well as a remarkable aptitude for concealment.

But here is the catalogue of his errors and shortcomings:

1. Too many burdens were thrown on his shoulders. Besides being President of the Council, he had under his direct control two huge ministerial departments of unmatched importance: National Defense and Foreign Affairs. No intellectual giant could have coped with so many problems—and let us not forget French administrative machinery was no longer efficient.

2. He had never properly organized the High Command. He had tackled the task but had quickly given it up in despair. On paper, Gamelin combined two sets of functions: chief of the general staff of national defense and commander in chief of the army. But the first set never materialized, because Darlan, the "admiral of the fleet" (as he styled himself), stubbornly refused everything akin to subordination. "Don't mention it any more and let them all go to hell!" Those words of Daladier settled the matter. But, in the meantime, Gamelin had put General Georges in command of the whole north and northeastern front. Gamelin believed then that Georges would be one more pawn on his chessboard. How could Daladier stand it so long, later on, that those two generals should, in private, carp at each other as they did? Why didn't he raise a finger when Gamelin, last December, ordered two important sections detached from general headquarters and, under General Doumenc, Georges' chief of staff, located at Meaux, midway between Vincennes and La Ferté-sous-Jouarre?

3. Not only did Daladier refrain too long from mobilizing French industries, not only did he delay unduly in creating a ministry of armaments, but he allowed the very distinguished and public-spirited M. Dautry to embark upon the pathetic policy of building new factories instead of expanding the output of the 14,000 plants already in existence—an expansion which, I am told, could have reached 40 per cent. The explanation is to be found in what I have called the Maginot credo. Since the Maginot fortifications couldn't be captured, the French government felt at liberty to take its time. To mobilize the resources of the French and British Empires three years had been deemed a convenient period. Then why not build factories?

4. A similar observation applies to the purchases of war material in America. We had three clear years before us; therefore we could afford to spare our gold reserves. This is why our delegates on the purchase commission were so conservative in the orders to American industry. Moreover, a huge proportion of our acquisitions in America consisted of raw materials, with consequent wastage of shipping space, etc.

5. French man power was distributed haphazardly. Owing to the lack of adequate schemes for industrial mobilization, skilled workmen were withdrawn *en masse* from the factories at the outset of the hostilities and sent to their regiments. Gradually they returned to their tools. But then came on the scene the commission set up, under parliamentary pressure, to recover for the army the young men to whom safe jobs had been assigned, when not justified on national grounds. Too often it caused fresh dislocations.

6. Daladier's principal failure, during the eight months of *de facto* armistice, was in not taking command of French public opinion. About foreign policy it had been hopelessly divided since 1934-35. For huge sections of the conservative classes, Hitler's warlike preparations receded very far into the background when compared to social danger, and newspapers were paid by German and Italian agents to foster that outlook. From September, 1939, onward, Daladier dealt drastically with the Communists—and he was right to do so—but he didn't seriously attempt to mete out the same kind of justice to the defeatists of the right, who were in position to penetrate deeper strata of French society. Under him, a

former minister who, to the knowledge of the competent services, had direct exchanges with the enemy was not interfered with. Out of dislike for Blum, he openly connived with Paul Faure, the leader of the wing of the Socialist Party which stood for immediate peace. A close observer of Italian developments was remonstrating with Daladier about the perilous lack of reaction of the French government to the provocative deeds of Mussolini. "What can I do?" retorted the Premier. "Public opinion would not allow me to fight two dictators simultaneously."

The censor's department was crowded with reserve officers who, up to 80 per cent, belonged to the totalitarian school. Daladier's attention was directed repeatedly to that state of affairs. Every time he got very angry, shouted that all things would have to change, and did nothing.

His cabinet had been built on the sands of compromise. All schools and standpoints had their special representatives in it. He could not ignore the fact that the mantle of a dictator had fallen upon him because the "soft-boiled" had been afraid that some one more bellicose than he might install himself in the supreme function, while the "hard-boiled" had been ready to pay any price for keeping far away from the seat of power such men as Laval, Flandin, Bonnet, who, in their opinion, through successive surrenders had made war unavoidable.

Naturally, that origin of his premiership had consequences which went a long way toward annihilating in him all driving force. He was supposed to have re-established some measure of national unanimity. But it was no more than a veneer. And when, in an unguarded moment, at the end of December he devoted a parliamentary speech to praise of the bloodless and tearless sort of war which had taken shape since September, a damaging comment spread: Daladier deliberately waged a "phony war" to ward off real war. In February, when he had declared in a ministerial council that "time was working for us," Georges Mandel rejoined: "Maybe — if you know, meanwhile, how to keep up the nation in a fighting mood." Daladier did not fulfill the condition.

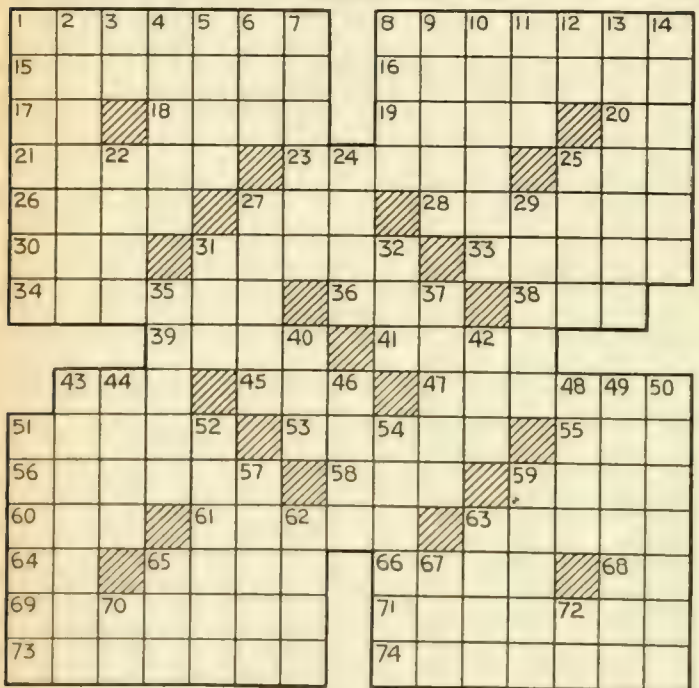
7. Daladier's fundamental purpose, as we have seen, was to avoid joining the issue on the battlefield as long as he could. Yet when, on November 26, 1939, Soviet Russia jumped at Finland's throat, the President of the Council was swept off his feet by the gale which whirled around him. All the conservatives or pacifists who had always saddled Russia with the major responsibility for everything which went amiss on the Continent (so as to exonerate Hitler and Mussolini) now shrieked at the top of their lungs that diplomatic relations with Moscow ought to be broken off. In vain French diplomats advised caution. Daladier followed the crowd. He insisted that Russia should be expelled from the League of Nations, notwithstanding the discouraging behavior of the Scandinavian states. He not only sent arms and ammunition to the Finns: in January, February, March he wrangled with Chamberlain about enlargement of the assistance lent to Finland, and, but for the decision reached by the Helsinki government to make peace with Russia, an unlimited number of French and British troops would have been thrown into the fight against the Soviets. The officials of the Quai d'Orsay succeeded in persuading Daladier not to withdraw our Moscow embassy; but, had the Finns resolved to continue the battle, I doubt whether they would have long kept him within bounds.

His ministerial tenure came to an end most abruptly, on March 20, in the Chamber of Deputies. He was ousted from office because, in the judgment of the majority, he had not adequately backed Finland in time. But it was really his lack of dynamism which caused the landslide. The senators and deputies who clamored for a resolute conduct of the war, as well as those who dreamed of a blank peace, began to despair of the nerveless dictator who brooded for weeks and months over problems calling for the most urgent decisions, appeared more and more unable to know his own mind, and became more and more secretive and secluded.

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



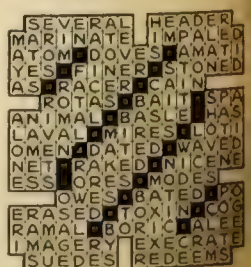
HORIZONTAL

1 $15,000,000,000 worth of democracy insurance
8 When there's trouble, she comes a-runnin'
15 Political windjammers
16 Ozone billet waft (two words)
17 When you hear this, run to the nearest exit—
18 And, as you go, yell this
19 Dog blanket
20 Longest spit in New York (abbr.)
21 Hot maternal creatures, enamored of sugar daddies
23 Manila flinger
25 What good-looking people do easily
26 Junior's Oxford
27 High-pressure stuff
28 Basis of the Hoosier educational system
30 What the hungry river did to its insides
31 Beautiful bloomer
33 Gents with taking ways
34 Stew bad!
36 A lady's man
38 An honest guy
39 The lowest man
41 Breaks silently every morning but brightens things up
43 52
45 This usually gets its man (fem.)
47 They're the equals of any king or queen—on paper, at least
51 Where the Quakers began quaking (abbr.: pl.)
53 The Strong Man of Greece
55 This may mean curtains for you
56 Buck Rogers' sky scooter
58 The most cheerful thing about Harvard this fall
59 O. Henry's gift to short stories
60 F
61 He runs an underworld hotspot
63 How lawyers take up time
64 Save America! (abbr.)
65 If you break this, some one is liable to hang something on you
66 Lambie-pie, the big essay man
68 Long ago (abbr.)
69 He gives advice to sock manufacturers
71 A young gal is always willing to stand up for these rites
73 First Homer on record
74 They always have their fling

VERTICAL

1 A hamburger and a bone (two words)
2 Off your rocker
3 What the near-sighted singer sang off
4 One of Fred Allen's little known ancestors
5 This nose got its end twisted a little
6 Standing Room Lyingdown (abbr.)
7 You can't have an army without this
8 The last thing an orator is good to
9 The —— the tomahto, the thrower
10 Noah's Park
11 Non-Mental Thinking (abbr.)
12 Rat exterminator (abbr.)
13 When Ethyl gets out of her hose and red pumps, and gets all tanked up, she's full of this
14 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, etc., columnists
22 Wool gatherer
24 Miner matters
25 Only nose you can elevate under a low ceiling
27 The only things not taxed in cigarettes
29 Think (past tense, Brooklynese)
31 The spot is always on this
32 Remove
35 Sit on one end and use the other
37 He's had the Indian sign on the Tigers for a long time
40 His wife had the brines of the family
42 Garnered the chips
43 This is spotted wherever it goes
44 Thumb length
46 A Chiri word it's always bim
48 Animal money propels, going backward
49 This kind of fellow isn't good at dictation
50 They're the screwiest things
51 Here's a word you can juggle with
52 Four-wheeled movable sofas
54 Junior genius
57 You can be Siouxed for breaking a lease here
59 These are the toughest courses at cooking school
62 This is just too-too
63 Sudden causes of bumps in the rear
65 This is this is
67 Lou got all mixed up here
70 You said it, sailor!
72 Idiot's Enigma (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



Last week's answer

ARTIST

Norman Rockwell SAYS

Growing numbers of my guests appreciate a chance to say, *"I'll take WINE"*

One of America's foremost artists, *Norman Rockwell* is most widely known for the brilliant magazine covers and illustrations he creates. At his home in New Rochelle, New York, Mr. Rockwell plays host to many well-known people. He notes that a growing number of them are saying, "I'll take wine"

It's easy to be a Wine Expert

Smart American hosts and hostesses serve their wine very simply today. Here are some practical tips:

At the appetizer hour, serve Sherry Wine . . . mellow amber, nutlike in flavor, the perfect invitation to a good dinner. Sherry is usually served in cocktail-size portions

• • •

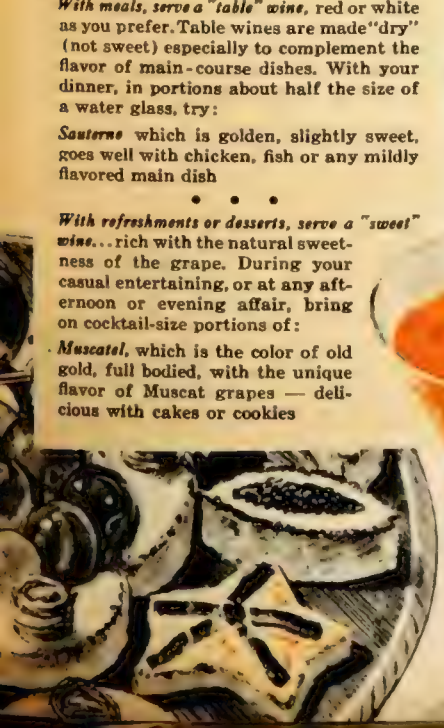
With meals, serve a "table" wine, red or white as you prefer. Table wines are made "dry" (not sweet) especially to complement the flavor of main-course dishes. With your dinner, in portions about half the size of a water glass, try:

Sauterne which is golden, slightly sweet, goes well with chicken, fish or any mildly flavored main dish

• • •

With refreshments or desserts, serve a "sweet" wine.. . . rich with the natural sweetness of the grape. During your casual entertaining, or at any afternoon or evening affair, bring on cocktail-size portions of:

Muscatel, which is the color of old gold, full bodied, with the unique flavor of Muscat grapes — delicious with cakes or cookies



"People find they need to relax and enjoy themselves, and almost everyone wants to stay on the moderate side"

"IN RECENT MONTHS," writes Norman Rockwell, "more of my guests than ever before have been selecting wine as their beverage.

"I think the reason is simple. People want to let up, to get a few hours of relaxation. And yet in times like these almost all of us prefer a moderate kind of evening."

Popular hosts and hostesses all over the country report as does Norman Rockwell. They find more and more people nowadays like a chance to say "make mine wine." Prefer wine *because* it is a beverage of moderation.

Why don't you try it next time you have guests for dinner, or when friends drop in during the evening?

You'll notice, when you do, that folks like to sip wine slowly. You will find yourself lingering over your glass as a connoisseur does — savoring a bouquet and flavor that is delicately satisfying. You'll discover there is no urge to bolt wine down.

Good wine is thrifty to buy these days, and delightfully easy to serve. There are some interesting, easy-to-follow suggestions in the panel at left.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA:

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. You will find them true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

Be Considerate — Serve Wine

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 BRIDGE QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

CONTRACT Quiz

BY THE FAMOUS BRIDGE MAESTRO, SIDNEY S. LENZ

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct ..... Excellent
30 Correct ..... Good
25 Correct ..... Fair
20 Correct ..... Passing
Under 20 ..... Failing

1—Contract bridge is played practically the same as three card games that preceded it. What are these games?

2—What is a Yarborough?

3—The penalty for a revoke is two tricks. When must this penalty be waived or modified?

4—What famous author wrote a poem featuring a game of cards? What is the poem?

5—What is a psychic bid?

6—It is the dummy's right to prevent his partner from revoking by asking if he has any of the suit renounced. When does he lose such right?

7—After a wrong player has dealt, but before the cards have been taken up, may a redeal be had by the proper dealer?

8—What universally known saying is tied up with a famous card expert?

9—What is a finesse?

10—What unsolved murder mystery was connected with a well known bridge expert?

11—What is a goulash?

12—What is a "grand coup" at bridge?

13—What is the proper call on this hand:

♠ A Q J 10 3 ♡ A Q J 9 6 2 ◇ A 2 ♣ A

14—A declaration of six no trumps is being played. The twelfth trick is won by the adversaries and the final trick is conceded to declarant. Does the concession stand, even though the card given up is the highest one out?

15—The bottom card belongs to the dealer. May he look at it before the deal is completed?

16—What is of greatest importance in contract bridge: the bidding, the play—or something else?

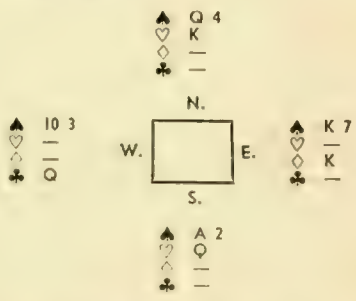
17—A player says, "I double four hearts," although the actual declaration is four spades. What happens?

18—What playing-card characters appear in a popular story?

19—All kings in a modern pack of cards look alike. Whose face is depicted?

20—What is a squeeze play?

21—Spades are trumps in the following hand:



South leads and requires two tricks to make his declaration. How can he do it?

22—What is a Vanderbilt club bid?

23—Which of the kings has only one eye?

24—If a player holds no card above a nine, may he ask for a new deal?

25—Is it ever correct to bid on: ♠ 4 3 2 ♡ 4 3 2 ◇ 4 3 2 ♣ 5 4 3 2?

26—When should you play the ace on your partner's king?

27—Over partner's call of "one heart," which is a stronger declaration — "two spades" or "four spades"?

28—May the penalty be enforced for a revoke at the twelfth trick?

29—When a player discovers he has made a revoke, is it good ethics to point out his own error?

30—What is a kibitzer?

31—What are "demand" or "forcing" bids?

32—Name the approximate dates when the following games of the whist family were first played: Contract? Auction? Bridge? Whist?

33—A player fulfills his contract, but at the end of the play his hand is one card short. The missing card is found in the still deck. What happens?

34—Is there any difference if an insufficient bid is corrected in the same suit or in another suit?

35—If a wrong penalty is claimed and allowed and causes the loss of the rubber, can any adjustment be made?

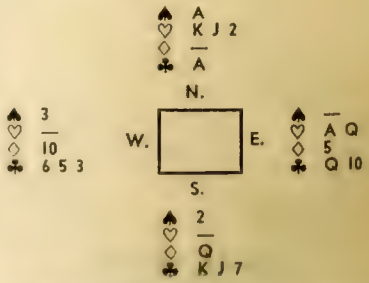
36—The player at dealer's right cuts the cards and completes the cut by placing the lower cards on top. Is this correct?

37—What is the Blackwood convention?

38—May a player at any time ask for a review of the bidding?

39—After the cards have been properly shuffled, may the dealer shuffle again?

40—The following hand is played at no trumps:



South leads and requires four tricks to make his declaration. How can he do it?

(Answers will be found on page 43)

Riding High

IN ALL BUT PRICE!

Coming or going, it's Class! And this Big Beauty has a New Fashion-Tone Interior—New Driving Ease of Powermatic Shifting—New 4-Way Step-Up in Performance! In all, 19 Great Advancements!

IT'S HARD to believe that low price buys such a carful of beauty, charm and luxury as you see in this big, 117" wheelbase Plymouth!

Inside, it's a *luxury* car—with an exquisite new *Fashion-Tone Interior*—a miracle of color, fabric and appointments.

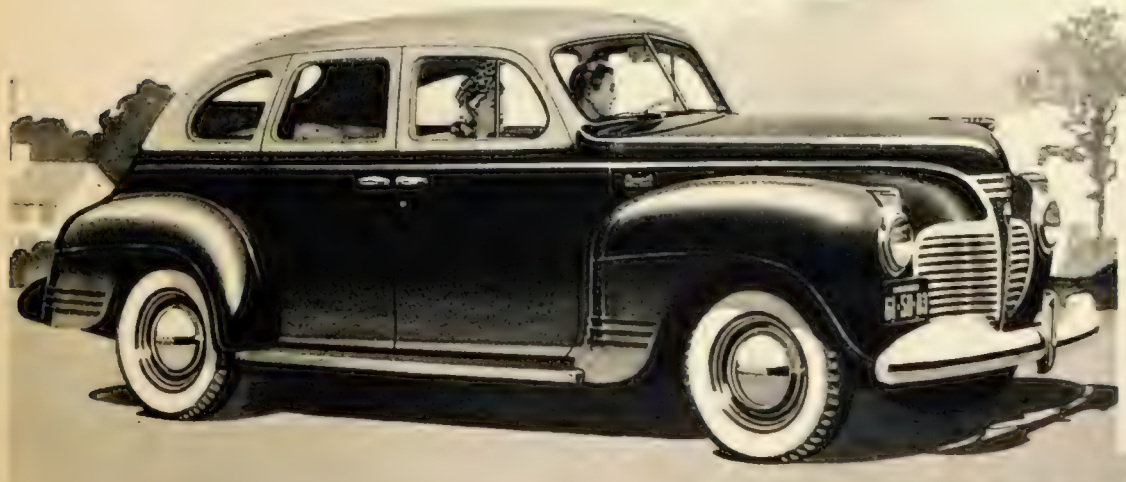
This Plymouth gives you a *four-way step-up in performance!* Increased horsepower, increased torque, new transmission, new axle ratio. And you get a new Oil Bath Air Cleaner... new High-Duty Engine Bearings... new Body Sealing against dust, water, noise!

Plymouth's the "One" for '41... so get in touch with your nearby Plymouth dealer. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

Major Bowes, C.B.S., Thurs., 9-10 p.m., E.S.T.

See the New Plymouth Commercial Cars!

POWERMATIC SHIFTING—Vast reductions in driving effort—and, with Plymouth's new transmission, you'll enjoy actual elimination of certain of the usual shifting motions in normal driving.



NEW VALUE YOU'LL ENJOY

COUNTERBALANCED TRUNK LID—goes up or down at a touch.

NEW SAFETY RIMS on wheels to prevent "throwing" of the tire in case of a blowout.

FRONT COIL SPRINGS, 6-inch tires, spring covers, on all models!

Unexpected Uncle

A new world, a bewildered girl! A lively modern romance swiftly changes its pace

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 30

PART SEVEN—BEAUTY FACES AN ORDEAL

JOHNSY stiffened and his face set in hard lines. Kathleen thought he looked like a different person than he had a moment before.

"I'll call them," he said. "That's too bad."

He started hurrying down the dock. Kathleen trotted beside him.

"Will you have to go there?"

"Of course," said Johnsy.

He walked on, with Kathleen trailing him, and boarded the Python and hurried to the bridge, where the ship-shore phone was installed. There he turned on the instrument and put in his call. Kathleen heard him ask for a man called Sanford, and after that all he said was yes, and no, and I don't think so. Then he said, "I'll be there tonight," and Kathleen felt the tug at her heart again. And then he said, "Thanks a lot, Sandy. Yes, she is. Perfectly wonderful!" And she knew he was being congratulated on his engagement. She liked Sandy. From what Johnsy had said, Sandy assumed that Johnsy's girl must be swell. Then Johnsy said, "Python signing off," and hung up the phone.

BY ERIC HATCH

who wrote My Man Godfrey, The Girl Next Door, etc.

"Damn!" he said. He said it with feeling.

"I'm awfully sorry you have to go, Johnsy. Can't anybody else fix it?"

"No. Labor Board's making the men have another election to see what union they want to belong to besides the one they do want to belong to, which is their own company union."

"That sounds silly," said Kathleen. "How long does it take?"

The twenty elite Hamiltonians stopped talking and turned to stare at the doorway. They felt something was wrong somewhere.

Old Mr. Boston says:

"Brandy Richness with Honey-Smoothness!"

IT'S A RARE TREAT—a treat you and your friends will deeply enjoy! Just think, a liquor with the honey-smoothness of tree-picked apricots plus the hearty richness of old brandy. Drink it straight. You'll like the convenience of the handy drinking cup that tops each pint bottle.

OLD MR. BOSTON

APRICOT NECTAR

Also Blackberry • Peach • Wild Cherry—70 Proof

A Beverage Liqueur prepared by
Ben-Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

Johnsy didn't answer. They had walked out onto the deck and he was hitting the rail with his fist, thinking. Kathleen thought maybe he hadn't heard her. She thought, with a twinge, maybe he was so interested in his factory he'd forgotten all about her. Then he stopped pounding the rail and put his arm around her.

"Looky," he said. "It'll be awful and you won't like it, but how about you and Uncle Seton coming with me?" He looked down at her with the twisted grin. "I just can't go the idea of losing you when I've only just gotten you."

Kathleen's face lighted up as though she'd been given a present.

"I'd love to go to Hamilton City with you, Johnsy," she said. Then her face fell again. "But we can't go until tomorrow evening anyway, because it's winter there."

"Why can't you start until tomorrow evening because it's winter in Hamilton City?" asked Johnsy.

"Clothes, of course," said Kathleen. "*You* ought to know that."

Johnsy laughed. "Ski suits?"

"No, just clothes. But I've got to have them when I get there or it would be bad for you. I'd look funny."

"Why don't you stop in New York and get them? I have charge accounts everywhere there. It'd be a cinch."

"No," said Kathleen. "My Uncle Seton gave me some money—horseshoe-pitching money, I guess—and I've got to buy them here. If it's the last thing I do, I've got to."

"I hate to be always asking why," said Johnsy. "Why, funny bunny?"

"At Parkes'," said Kathleen and burst out laughing. "From Mr. Clayton. *Now* you see, don't you?"

Johnsy saw. He laughed with her. Then he broke off.

"I shouldn't be laughing," he said. "I'm supposed to be worrying."

He said it seriously. It made Kathleen almost happy again. She was jealous of the factories, and much more worried about what they might do to her happiness than about anything Sarah Hamilton or even Johnsy's drinking might do to it. Making Johnsy forget them at this moment, even for a little while, gave her that wonderful glow of self-satisfaction most women get when they've achieved some particularly catty victory over a rival. The fact that Johnsy felt guilty about not worrying made it even better.

SETON MANSLEY sat in his drawing room on the streamlined Pullman. His elbow was resting on the windowsill and his chin was on his hand, which still left the other hand free to hold a highball. His face was turned toward the rushing landscape, but he didn't see it because his eyes were closed. He had them closed on purpose, for the New England landscape was picturesque under a mantle of snow, and Mansley had felt for years that snow was something that properly belonged only on the ice-cube compartments of mechanical refrigerators or on the steaming sides of juleps.

Mansley was gloomy. With each mile since the last of the palm trees had been left behind, his gloom had deepened. When the train passed out of the sand belt of the Carolinas into Virginia and he saw winter dead ahead, he felt like a summer hotel in October. Kathleen Brown apparently hadn't sense enough to be depressed. *She* thought it was just dandy, riding into the Arctic Circle on a fancy train to visit a man who was in labor trouble. She thought it was going to be lyric: ordering meals in the Hamilton house, smiling over the breakfast table, hurrying to open the front door when her man came home. She thought she was going to play house.

Mansley was sorry for her. He hated to see people hurt and he was pretty sure Kathleen was going to

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

SETON MANSLEY, sixtyish, well dressed, and important-looking—although actually all he owns in the world are his car and trailer—wins the devotion of Kathleen Brown, salesgirl at the Palm Beach branch of Parkes-Fifth Avenue, through saving her job for her by a colossal bluff when Clayton, the manager, is about to fire her. She loses the job later, when Clayton discovers how he has been taken in and puts the police on Mansley's trail. But by that time Kathleen is calling her new friend "Uncle Seton" and is living in his trailer.

Johnsy Hamilton, wealthy young shoe manufacturer and playboy, is in love with Kathleen, much to the disgust of his snobbish sister, Sarah. Two of Johnsy's friends, Carol West and Tommy Hargreave, far from sharing Sarah's disapproval, are devoted to Kathleen and Seton. Carol takes them, with Horace Quenton, a trailer-camp acquaintance of theirs who belongs to the Teamsters and Drovers Union, to the swank Hobe Sound Beach Club, where they make an instant hit. There one night comes Johnsy, accompanied by the bands of the Police, Fire, and Sanitation Departments, to serenade Kathleen, with whom he has had a quarrel. The lovers make up and their engagement is announced in the newspapers the following day.

Although she loves Johnsy, Kathleen is afraid that his money and his business may come between them. And, sure enough, after an idyllic day spent in shopping and lunching together, Johnsy receives a message that there is labor trouble at the plant in Hamilton City.

be hurt a good deal. What made it worse was that he loved her and that he felt he was responsible for any Waterloo she might meet. If he hadn't butted in she would have lost her job at Parkes', the store would have shipped her back to wherever they'd hired her, and she would have got another job after a while and her life would have been normal. But no. He, the great Mansley, the Thinker, couldn't let people's lives alone. He had to take her by the hand and lift her into a dream. And now the dream was turning into something real. It had been a fine dream, full of yachts and music and sunsets and blue ocean and warm white sands and palm trees. Now that it was becoming a reality it was full of snow. This, to Mansley, summed up the whole situation.

Presently he turned away from the window, carefully keeping his eyes closed while he did it, opened them and looked at Kathleen, who was curled in a corner of the bright rust-colored sofa. She was, as he knew she would be, staring out at the snow, and she was, as he also knew she would be, smiling.

"A PENNY, that I won from Armitage at poker, for your thoughts," said Mansley.

Kathleen swung around from the window to face him.

"I was thinking about Tommy Hargreave," she said. "He's awfully nice. When he said good-by at the station he said something that made me want to cry."

"Oh, don't," said Mansley. "Your tears'll freeze in this blasted country. You'll cry icicles. . . . What did he say?"

"It was just before he kissed me good-by," said Kathleen.

"And you engaged!" said Mansley reproachfully.

"It wasn't that kind of a kiss," said Kathleen. "*You* saw, anyway."

"I'm waiting to hear what Tommy said."

"He said"—Kathleen's expression delighted Mansley. He thought of it as soulfully serious—"he said, 'You leave me here a hollow shell, because my heart goes with you.' I didn't think he was smart enough to make up something beautiful like that."

Mansley looked away to hide his smile. His eyes encountered a factory town they were passing through. He shuddered and looked back at Kathleen quickly.

"That's pretty good," he said, "for Tommy. Did he say anything else?"

"Just that he hoped I'd be happy, but he didn't think so, and that my engagement didn't change things much for him because he could still look at me and hope Johnsy would fall down a manhole and that's all he ever was able to do about me anyway."

"Tommy," said Mansley, "is a rather splendid young man." They lapsed into silence again then and Mansley went back to his thinking. The snow outside the windows grew

*Hit a COLD two ways with Sal Hepatica!**

MRS. JIM: Oh, Jim darling! Imagine us—kerchoo!—having a horse in with millionaires' entries in the Big Race—kerchoo! I can't wait!

MR. JIM: Honey, you'll be in bed on Vexer's big day if we don't do something for that cold, pronto. I'd advise fast-acting Sal Hepatica.

MRS. JIM: Sal Hepatica helps fast?

MR. JIM: Yes, it's fast, two ways. First, Sal Hepatica acts fast as a laxative—usually within one hour, and speed is important in fighting a cold. Second, Sal Hepatica helps counteract the excess gastric acidity that usually accompanies a cold.*

After the Race

MRS. JIM: Vexer's a marvel. He won by a length! And to think—I might have been in bed and missed it all if it hadn't been for you!

MR. JIM: If it hadn't been for Sal Hepatica, you mean. If we go South with Vexer, let's put Sal Hepatica in the suitcase for good luck. What do you say?

* A recent survey conducted by seven leading medical journals shows that 7 out of 10 doctors recommend a *saline* laxative in treating colds.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today.

TUNE IN! EDDIE CANTOR in "Time to Smile"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

deeper and out of a thick gray sky more of it began to fall.

"Pretty," said Kathleen.

Mansley merely gave her a long, gloomy glance. It made her laugh. She uncurled herself and moved over to the arm of his chair. After a little the porter rang the buzzer and Kathleen let him in and he said the train would be in Hamilton City in an hour. Kathleen thanked him and, when he had gone, walked past Mansley and gave him a little pat on the top of the head. Then she went into the adjoining drawing room, which was her own, to dress and to pack. With a sigh Mansley finished his whisky-and-soda, looked at the glass, looked out of the window, looked back at the glass and nodded.

"The inner man," he said, "has been good to you always. Now, Seton Mansley, is the time for you to be good to him."

He reached down into a small bag that lay at his feet, brought out a bottle of whisky, and poured himself another slug.

KATHLEEN was back in less than half an hour. Her entry gave Mansley something of a shock, for he had only seen her in summer clothes—little print dresses, shorts, the sweater and skirt she'd worn on the train. Now she wore a dark blue town dress with a round white scalloped collar, a big wide-brimmed hat, and topped the rig off with a fur coat. Mansley's eyes widened and he blew out his cheeks in surprise as she stood posing in the doorway. Then he climbed out of his chair and made her a low bow. Then he turned to the mirror and made himself an equally low bow. Then he turned back to her.

"My dear," he said, "you are ravishing! Even I, who have seen you grow from a little tousle-haired child to a—there's a word for you. Wait a minute. Yep, got it! Svelte. It isn't used much any more, but that's the word."

"What's it mean?" she asked.

"It means how you look right now," said Mansley. He stepped close to her and ran his fingers through the fur of the coat. Then he grinned.

"You know, chick," he said, "I can't make up my mind whether the members of the Hobe Sound Club play poker worse than they pitch horseshoes or pitch horseshoes worse than they play poker."

Her face had been bright with his praise of her. It grew serious.

"Uncle Seton, was it right for you to win so *much* money from them?"

He chuckled.

"Why, of course it was," he said. "You see, what's money, real money, to us, is only bookkeeping to them." He smiled. There was a trace of wistfulness in his smile, which annoyed him because he loathed wistfulness. "That's how it will be with you one of these days."

She nodded.

"I know," she said. "I don't like that part of it."

The train started to slow down, whistled, the noise sounding half-hearted and muffled against the snow and the darkness that had closed in.

"They didn't *have* to pitch horseshoes with me. I *told* them I could pitch them blindfolded and standing on one leg. They didn't believe me. Besides, they enjoyed it."

"I know," said Kathleen. "Horace Quenton said you made losing money to you a pleasure."

"Quenton," said Mansley, "is a two-faced turncoat. Used to be a nice self-respecting organizer or whatever you call it. You didn't see him the last time he came up for lunch. You were away. *I* saw him. White flannel pants, double-breasted blue jacket, stiffish collar, flower in his buttonhole. Why, the feller looked like *me!*"

"Nobody ever looked like you," said Kathleen.

The train got down to business, then, about stopping. The porter came and buzzed and they followed him down the aisle to the vestibule. As Kathleen started down the steps flashlight bulbs flared in her face. She jumped, then went on down. More bulbs went off and a swarm of reporters came forward. She peered around for Johnsy. Couldn't see him. Then a tall well dressed man shouldered the reporters aside.

"Miss Brown," he said, holding out his hand, "I'm Sanford, Mr. Hamilton's personal representative. Mr. Hamilton's in a meeting. It's been going on all day. He felt badly about not being able to come here himself."

Kathleen's disappointment was of the acute or childhood kind—quick and overwhelming. She tried not to let it show in her face and shook hands with the tall man.

"I understand," she said.

The reporters closed in, and she looked helplessly over her shoulder at Mansley. He nodded and thrust his way to her side.

MISS BROWN'S had a long trip," he said in a booming voice. "The conditions facing her fiancé have given her grave concern. She cannot give you an interview at the moment because she is utterly exhausted, *and* if you boys believe one word of that, you're crazy. Skip it now and come out to the house tomorrow, eh?"

The Hamilton City press boys hadn't ever had this particular parry happen to them before. They liked it, yelled, "Thanks!" and "So long, Miss Brown. We're glad to see you!" and Sanford led the way across the platform, through a small crowd of gawkers, through the station, and out to where a shining limousine, its windows clouded by the comfortable warmth of its interior, waited with engine purring. A chauffeur in a black fur-collared coat and a black sealskin cap was standing by the door. He touched his cap as Kathleen came up and said, "Good evening, Miss Brown," and then, with another salute, "Good evening, sir," to Mansley. Mansley nodded to him, pointed to the car, and said, "Is it warm in there?"

The chauffeur smiled.

"Seventy-two degrees exactly, sir."

"Is your heater broken?" asked Mansley.

"No, sir! Heater's brand-new last week."

"Then," said Mansley, pulling his coat tight around him, "for heaven's sake let it heat!"

He followed Kathleen into the car, muttering, "Seventy-two degrees. Ridiculous. People here must have fish blood."

SANFORD got in then and explained another car had come to take the luggage, and they rolled off out of the station into the streets. Kathleen rubbed the window by her side clear and peered out. The city was deep in snow, but she could see it was like any other New England town: tidy shops with bright big plate-glass windows, side streets that slumped quickly from the high standards of the main streets. She was a little disappointed in it. She had thought, somehow, Johnsy's city would be different, would be bigger and brighter than any other city. This was merely Waterford grown up. Then, high in the sky, shining even through the falling snow, she saw a huge electric sign flashing on and off and on and off:

HAMILTON SHOES . . . FIT *YOU!*

They were passing a row of really big buildings. Mr. Sanford tapped her on the arm.

"This is the Hamilton Block," he said. "We don't go by the Hamilton Industrial Foundation or the Hamilton Library, but you can see them tomorrow. Oh, that's the Hamilton Bank."

"And this is Hamilton City," said Kathleen a little wearily.

Mr. Sanford didn't get the crack.

"Yes, of course," he said.

Kathleen laughed in spite of herself.

"Hamilton shoes don't fit *me*—at least the ones Johnsy gave me didn't," she said, pointing to the sign. "Somebody's a liar."

"It looks to me," said Mansley, "as if you'd either have to change the sign or change the shoes."

Mr. Sanford also smiled a little wearily. He wasn't quite sure whether he was being kidded. He decided not to take a chance that maybe he wasn't.

"I'll speak to Mr. Hamilton about it tomorrow," he said.

Mansley stifled a chuckle.

After perhaps five minutes the car left the city behind and swung into a country road. The snow had been plowed from it and lay in huge mounds on the sides. Then, after another five minutes, they turned into a driveway.

"This is the Hamilton place," said Mr. Sanford.

It was a long driveway, over a mile

long, and it swept through fields and through a woods and finally, after a swift climb, swung in a great curve up to the house. Kathleen caught her breath. The house was enormous. Lights were gleaming from many windows so that even in the darkness she could see it looked like Mount Vernon or, rather, like three or four Mount Vernons all hooked together. She turned her wide eyes to Sanford.

"I think it's the most beautiful house I've ever seen!" she said.

Sanford got out as the car slid to a stop on hard-packed snow.

"We're very proud of it," he said.

Mansley leaned over to Kathleen.

"I'm not crazy about that 'we' stuff," he said. "It isn't his house, it's *our* house."

"Hush!" said Kathleen. "Here's a butler."

There was indeed a butler, an almost make-believe butler with a fringe of white hair, a boiled shirt and a tail coat. Behind him was a footman in livery. Behind the footman was another footman and a maid. Mansley grunted.

"Tourists," he whispered to Kathleen, "come to gawk."

Kathleen put her hand to her mouth quickly and managed a most dignified good-by to Sanford, who was going back to the plant. Then she stepped out of the car. She thought she really ought to trip lightly to the door with nose high, the way some of the people tried to walk into Parkes', but her sense of humor wouldn't let her. She walked at her normal swinging gait up the two steps, across the colonnaded porch, and through the front door. Right there she froze in her tracks.

Coming toward her along a vast hall, wearing as sweet a smile as was ever seen on a Borgia, was Sarah Hamilton. Sarah really thought the smile was sweet. When she saw Kathleen she hurried up to her, took her hand. As usual, Kathleen forgot to be anything but natural. The fact that this meant the end of the dream of playing house hadn't sunk in yet.

WELL!" she said. "If it isn't you!"

"Of course it is!" said Sarah. "I flew up this morning. After all, I couldn't be so rude as not to be here to welcome you the very first time you set foot in my house."

"Now," hissed Mansley under his breath, "it's *her* house!"

He shot a look at Kathleen. As he'd feared, the significance of Sarah's presence was beginning to get her. She was, in fact, trembling like a leaf. He stepped between Kathleen and Sarah as he shook hands with her. This would give the chick time to get herself under control. Wouldn't do at all to let this meddlesome woman think she was scoring one—no, sir. Better create a diversion—quick.

He bowed over Sarah's hand, then straightened.

"Miss Hamilton," he said, "I want to tell you that whether this is your

Highly praised by

GOOD JUDGES

of fine bourbon

You'll look a long time before you discover another whiskey as highly esteemed as Old Taylor. And you'll find it even more difficult to match the distinctive flavor of this magnificent bourbon. That's been true for more than fifty years, ever since the day a master distiller, the late Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr., selected Old Taylor as his prize whiskey and proudly signed the label with his name.

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house or Johnsy's house or Mr. Sanford's house, it is, I think, the most charming house I have ever set foot in "—he paused, as bewilderment was followed on her face by pleasure—then he added, "and the coldest."

Sarah stepped back from him, went white, then pink.

"I'm an old man," said Mansley. "Furthermore, I'm an only relative. You must pardon me for taking an old man's liberty." He had bowed his head in apology, trying to feel like an old man. Now, raising it, he saw Sarah was about to speak. He didn't want to hear her speak. He blew out his cheeks, glared from one servant to another, then roared, "Well? I said I was an old man, didn't I? Do something about it!"

The servants knew quality when they saw it. One of them jumped to close the front door that had been stupidly left open, another sprang to a thermostat on the wall, the third man simply jumped. Sarah was standing in tight-lipped fury. The maid led Kathleen off to her rooms. Mansley looked steadily at Sarah. She glared back at first, but after a little her eyes fell. It reminded him of the circus. The eyes of tigresses and leopards fell, just so, if the right man stared at them. Then he spoke to her, softly.

"It was mean of you to come here," he said. "How could you do it?"

Sarah opened her mouth to speak, but whenever things happened around her really fast, it took her mind a few seconds to catch up, and by then it was apt to be too late to say anything really good. She called to the butler and told him to show Mansley to his room and tried to make her voice sound as if she were ordering him thrown out of the house. Probably the worst moment of her life came a second later when she saw Seton Mansley wink at her butler and saw the butler wink back. She very nearly fainted.

DINNER at the Hamilton house was at eight thirty. And it was dinner. No one could possibly have confused it with supper. On the night of Kathleen's arrival it was even more premeditated than usual, for Sarah Hamilton had been busy on the telephone and some twenty of the city's elite were assembled in the huge drawing room when Kathleen and Mansley came downstairs. Sarah had purposely not told them it was a party. Sarah had hoped it wouldn't occur to them to dress. But Sarah's butler, had, so to speak, ratted on her.

At seven o'clock he had stolen softly upstairs and knocked on Mansley's door and had asked if he could be of any special service before the guests arrived for dinner. Mansley had looked his surprise, and the butler had said, "I tell you, sir, it was intended by Miss Hamilton to be a surprise party for Miss Brown. But in some fifty years of buttling, I have learned that very often young ladies do not especially care about being surprised in quite that way."

"You," Mansley had said, "are a gentleman."

He had then marched to Kathleen's bedroom and given her a fight talk. The fight talk had done its work. As they stepped into the drawing room Kathleen was radiant. The butler, announcing them, took one look at her and his voice had in it something of the triumph of a rooster's crow.

"Miss Kathleen Mansley-Brown," he hyphenated it, "and Mr. Seton Mansley!"

THE twenty elite Hamiltonians stopped talking and turned to stare at the doorway. Their faces, as they turned, wore expressions of curiosity. After they had stared for a second or so, this changed to puzzlement. They felt that something was wrong somewhere, for Sarah had, while inviting them over the telephone, carefully let it slip out that Johnsy's fiancée was, in spite of all that rot in the papers, a rather pathetic common little thing, and that they must, all of them, for Johnsy's sake, try to be sweet and kind to her.

Kathleen was wearing a golden yellow jacket. Below her slim waist swirled a skirt of chiffon, the color of a midnight sky. Her hair shone and was brushed in soft waves from her forehead. Her eyes were so big and so bright that looking at them you had the feeling if all the lights went out you could probably read by them. Her complexion might easily have been made of rose petals crushed in a mortar and mixed with cream. The twenty elite Hamiltonians felt Sarah had sold them a bill of goods. They would as soon have the temerity to try and be sweet and kind to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, or Mrs. John Roosevelt, or Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., or to Mrs. Sarah Delano Roosevelt, or to one of the gods on high Olympus as to this lovely lady.

The guests were startled. Sarah Hamilton was shocked. She didn't see how that hair-do and that complexion and eye effect could possibly have been achieved in Hamilton City. She didn't know that Seton Mansley, back in the days when his clothes smelled of tanbark and lions and elephants, had been able to make elderly trapeze artists look as lovely as a rajah's nautch outfit, provided they were high enough up. To turn Kathleen from a pretty girl into something that would startle the natives here had been cat's meat for him. He went now to Sarah.

"Sorry we're late," he said; and then, in a whisper, "She looks marvelous tonight, doesn't she?"

"Yes," said Sarah. She forced a conversational laugh. "I don't see how she manages to look so accustomed to nice clothes."

"Introduce her," he said in a low voice. "People will think you're making it awkward for her on purpose."

Sarah bit her lip. Mansley was right, of course. She hurried to Kathleen, who was still standing in the doorway smiling at every one whose eyes met hers, and, taking her by the hand, led her around the room. Having introduced her around the circle, instead of staying by her side until she was launched into conversation, Sarah deliberately walked away. This had the opposite effect to what she had planned, for instead of feeling lost, Kathleen felt so relieved at being shed of Sarah that she turned to the man who happened to be nearest her and beamed at him. He beamed back so enthusiastically that his wife, who was standing near by, kicked him smartly on the shins, which made him jerk his head and say, "Hoy there!"

Kathleen, not having seen the kick and thinking this might be how you did in Hamilton City, gave her head a little jerk, saluted, and said, "Hoy there, yourself! Don't you hate being introduced to people in bulk?"

The man gulped. He hadn't expected to be kicked, and he hadn't expected to have his exclamation handed back to him as a greeting. But he recovered fast and said, "I don't hate being introduced to *you!*"

Another man came up carrying a cocktail, which he offered Kathleen. She took it, and to show she was now one of the initiate, jerked her head, gave a little salute, and said, "Hoy there! Thank you so much."

This man, thinking, no doubt, that was how you did in Hobe Sound, repeated the jerk and salute and said, "Hoy there, yourself. Pleasure, I'm sure. Can I get you anything else?"

KATHLEEN thanked him and shook her head and took a sip of the cocktail and looked around. She wished Johnsy would come, but Mr. Sanford had said he probably wouldn't get home till ten anyway. She hoped she'd done the right thing with the Hoy There business, and guessed she had because she could see other people were doing it now, self-consciously, as though it were a new game like handies or knock-knock. She thought it was really quite fun, with that silly jerk of the head, and wondered who'd started it.

She drank the rest of her cocktail and was given another. She didn't think she ought to take this, but if it was expected of her—and of course cocktails did make you feel you'd known people much longer than just a few minutes. She sipped it slowly and tried to be polite and friendly to the group of people around her who were all asking questions about Johnsy and Palm Beach and Hobe Sound and generally making themselves agreeable. She was thankful Uncle Seton had made her get all done up. He'd said it was woman's armor, and she guessed it must be, because she felt brave now and only a little frightened of Sarah.

Will Johnsy's business continue to keep him from Kathleen's side? And will Sarah intensify her campaign against the girl her brother loves? Follow the zigzag course of this bewildering love affair next week.

Eight were killed. About twenty were wounded. For hours people milled around.

What am I living for?

THE TRAP By an Economic Royalist as told to GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

Last week the Economic Royalist told how the C. I. O.'s regional organizer, Silver, had informed him that his company must sign up or face a strike. He pondered it. His executives and associates were divided; his wife as well as his daughter seemed against him; but his son Junior surprised and heartened him by coming home from college to "line up with dad." To Silver, he proposed that the question be settled by a vote of the employees, an election. Silver's response was, "I'll go along on a Labor Board election—but you haven't one chance in a million."

MARGARET, my pinkish daughter, came on from New York a few days after our first sit-down. I felt that her coming was an ill omen. She was definitely on the other side; yet she was my own daughter and was living in our home. We could no longer discuss things at the dinner table. We felt that we had a "fifth column" all our own.

Junior was particularly restive about it. He and Margaret had always been the best of pals, but he hated the Reds. Junior told us that in all the colleges many of the professors and students were all tied up

Now dark days and sudden tragedy bring a climax of dismay in a thought-provoking chronicle of America

in these United Front movements. I had seen something about those things in the newspapers but had laughed them off. I used to say:

"No red-blooded American would fall for anything like that. Why, we've got too much common sense!"

Well, maybe I didn't know much about how much common sense there was left in the world. Margaret tried hard to persuade me to give in. Like all the others, she gave me the same argument.

"You can't do anything," she said. "The government wants all the workers to belong to one union, headed by competent and professional labor leaders."

"Well, what's the government got to do with it?" I asked. "The men have a right to their own choice, haven't they?"

"Yes, but the men are coerced by their employers. They're afraid of you because if they differ with you, you'll fire them."

"Isn't the government coercing them? Isn't the union coercing them?" I demanded.

What's the use? I couldn't make her see daylight.

Well, I got the boys together. There was Tim Loring, Phillip Snyder, and Bill Lewis, and together we drafted two ads.

I must admit that Snyder was against the ads. He said they were probably illegal.

"Do you mean to tell me that I've lost my right of freedom of speech?" I demanded.

"I'd let the Supreme Court decide that," he replied.

"I'd give the thing the works now," Bill Lewis, the public relations counsel, said. "The time is ripe for a fight."

WELL, the first ad we drafted was "You Don't Have to Pay to Work for Clarke." It definitely said that we weren't against unions but that anybody could belong or not belong, as he chose, and that no man would be asked whether he belonged or not by the company.

I called it a fair statement of the company's position and I expected that it would do the trick. Well, it didn't. Instead, it only resulted in the union filing a coercion charge with the Labor Board.

The second ad was entitled, "Your Town." In it, I told the people of Akron just what the Clarke pay roll did for the town. I made the point that the only reason we stayed there was the sentimental one—that my father had started there and we had all always lived there. But the ad went on to say that it would be much more practical to break up into smaller units, scattered over the country; that we could make more money that way, and that the probability was that we would do that, making the Akron plant a small operating unit.

Well, when that one was published, I got pushed around good and proper. The press and clergy and the real-estate agents and lots of other people ganged up on me, insisting that I was ruining everything.

Next day George the Greek came in. "It's giving the boys something to think about. It'll take a few days to sink in. But, H. D.," he asked, "what's this about your girl Margaret? She was out making a speech to the men's wives and asking them to support the strike."

You could have knocked me down with a zinc washer. So that's what she came on from New York for! I got hold of Junior. "Find that sister of yours and talk sense to her. Get her out of town." He didn't, but that's another story.

ALONG about five o'clock on a Friday afternoon, Madison Silver, the union organizer, walked in. "Mr. Clarke, the election is off," he announced.

"What d'ye mean, it's off?" I raised my voice. "That was our agreement, wasn't it?"

"Sure! We agreed to an election," he said, "but nobody said anything about ads in the papers—full-page ads. That's coercion."

"Why is that coercion more than your people going around scaring the workers' wives?"

"We don't coerce nobody," he answered. "We can't coerce. The law says only an employer can coerce. We organize. There's a big difference there, and the sooner you learn it the better.

"Now, Mr. Clarke," he continued, "I ain't going to beat around the bush any more. You got till Sunday midnight to sign. If you don't sign by then, we call a strike for Monday at 7 A. M."

"Why won't you wait for the election?" I asked. "That seems to me the American way."

"Well, Mr. Clarke, those ads of yours have scared some of the men. We know what we can do with a strike. We're not so sure about an election. Anyhow, that's the word we get from Washington.

"Mr. Clarke," he went on, "personally I like you. I hate to do this to you. But you're bucking human progress. This country is going to be unionized no matter what happens. It's going to be unionized by us, in our way, and I hate to see you involved in bucking us. Because you're going to be hurt."

"Good day," I said. He shrugged and walked out. Tim Loring was so angry that his mouth twitched but he never said a word.

I told them in the office that I wouldn't be around on Saturday at all. So I got up early Saturday morning and drove on to anywhere, landing finally in Cleveland.

Well, I came to a Catholic church. I'm no Catholic. In fact, I don't know that I have much religion left in me. But I wanted to think, and I thought maybe I'd sit down in this Catholic church. The place was empty except for one woman who was kneeling up in front. I sat down and shut my eyes. It was peaceful and cool and refreshing. I must have sat there three hours. Once or twice a priest passed by me but he never even looked at me.

I reviewed my life honestly. What had I done, I asked myself, to deserve all this trouble? Had I been unfair? Had I been dishonest? Had I hurt any one? Why had my wife and daughter turned on me? Why had my neighbors turned on me?

What is the practical thing to do? I asked myself. Obviously, if I signed, I would save myself a lot of trouble. Madison Silver was a smooth, easygoing politician. We could get along with him. When the men grew dissatisfied, I could send them to the union. They could complain there. I'd be out of it.

If I signed, I'd have no more trouble with the Labor Board, the La Follette Committee, the income-tax inspectors, and all the other government officials.

And my daughter and wife would look on me as a hero.

Well, that was one side of the balance sheet. On the other side was loyalty to my men according to my judgment. I didn't think it was the best way for them. And I didn't think it was best for the business. Efficiency of management would go. I'd have negotiations all day long on every question.

Our industry is mostly piecework, but you have to figure it all out so that each man gets his just deserts for the work he does, and that the article can be sold at a competitive price. I'd have to negotiate with Silver every time we put in a new operation. And maybe they would object to some operations. They might even object to the progress he talks about.

THEN there's self-respect. I love that business and I love my workers. Why should I turn it all over to a labor union and the government? What for? How is that different from what the Russians have been forced to do by revolution? But here it's worse. There's no revolution. They just highjack you into doing it.

On the other hand, why not be highjacked? Bigger people than I am sign on the dotted line. Am I proud? Am I fighting this just because I'm a stubborn old obstinate man who's set in his ways and can't see progress? Well, maybe! But I don't think so. No, sir! It's more than that. I'd fight just as hard if a gigolo tried to steal my wife.

I sat in that Catholic church going over this thing hour after hour. There was nobody to give me advice or stir me up or threaten me. I don't suppose I know how to pray any more, but a great calm came over me. I wasn't angry. I wasn't worried. I wasn't frightened.

I motored back to Akron, and phoned Madison Silver:

"You can hold the election or strike, as you please. My mind is

made up: The men must decide by a vote if they want your union or not. I'll not coerce them. We'll play fair. But it must be a vote."

"Sorry," he said as he hung up.

Monday morning there must have been 5,000 pickets around our plant. Nobody could get in or out. On Sunday some of the boys wanted to set up housekeeping inside the plant, but I said, "No! If they seize my property, we'll have the law on them. But we won't defend ourselves."

What I hadn't figured on was that those ads of ours had had some effect and nearly half the workers wanted to get into the plant to work. They had decided against the union. Some of them broke through the picket line. I never could find out how many there were on the first breakthrough, but after a while 500 or 600 were inside. And they did some work. They knew that they couldn't get back, so they set up housekeeping in the cafeteria. George the Greek was inside. Tim Loring and Ted White got the police to get them in to protect the company property.

Then some one fired a shot. Nobody ever discovered who fired that shot. I've been accused from here to kingdom come of hiring gangsters to fire on the strikers. They've shown motion pictures of the riots. They've discovered that we had bought some rifles to protect our property and they've painted me as a murderer and a butcher. I've been investigated, examined, and inquisitioned. For months, most of the executives of our business have had to leave their desks and sit in Cleveland and Washington answering tons of questions, which they couldn't answer because they didn't know.

Eight people were killed in that riot. About twenty were wounded. Some of them didn't even live in Akron, and how they got there I don't know. For hours people milled around and I was scared they'd burn the place down. Windows were broken. The water was cut off. The police were helpless.

I telephoned the governor to ask for protection. He wasn't sure whether the calling out of the National Guard was justified. He'd talk to the mayor of Akron. He asked me to come down to Columbus. I didn't want to. I'd wait in my house in Akron for his phone call.

He did call at about 2 A. M. on Tuesday morning. He said that the people down in Washington were putting pressure on him to get me to sign. He argued that there'd be an election soon and he didn't want to be put on the spot. The mayor had had the same argument. I telephoned all over the country for advice—and all I got was politics and statesmanship. Nobody told me what was the right thing to do—all I was given was advice on what was sound. Some of my colleagues said that they'd stand by me. One said that he'd put his bank roll behind me if I needed it. I got telegrams to say that I'd be shown preference when orders were placed.

It was all buncombe. My colleagues took my unfilled orders. The strike must have cost me a million dollars before it was over, and I paid every cent of it out of my own pocket. And I got smeared all over the map.

I still called for an election, and for twenty-five days the strike went on. Then the Labor Board started hearings and the La Follette Committee started hearings and the men filtered back to work. A picket line stood in front of our plant for one year. My legal expenses were a couple of hundred thousand dollars before I got anywhere. Why, the stenographic copy of the hearings alone ran to about $58,000! The business was in a mess. The various investigators had our books for months, so that we could hardly know what we were doing.

Well, we fought it through and the Labor Board decided against us. We had to stop coercing the workers; we had to recognize the union; we had to put men back to work whom we'd fired for all sorts of reasons, from pilfering to drunkenness. We appealed and we lost.

Then they decided to hold the elections.

[More revelations by this Economic Royalist will appear in Liberty next week.]

THANKS TO CLOPAY, WE WON'T QUARREL OVER WINDOW SHADE COSTS AGAIN!

"WHEN I told Joe you could get attractive CLOPAY window shades for as little as 10c, he said: 'That's the greatest bargain news yet!' But the biggest surprise was when I showed him the lovely, *washable* CLOPAYS I bought . . . for our sunroom that gets so much dust . . . for only 35c. How I bless the day I discovered that complete CLOPAY window shade department at the 5c & 10c* store. It saved me dollars!"

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A complete line: 36 x 6 size, ready to attach to roller without tacks or tools: Clopay Shademore—10c; Clopay Lintone—15c. Complete on roller with washable oil finish: Clopay Lintone-Washable—35c; Fabray Pique—45c. Some items slightly higher Denver and West.

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Yes—in CLOPAY departments at 5c to $1 stores, neighborhood, variety and hardware stores! Send 3c stamp for set of 49 color samples to CLOPAY, 1369 Clopay Square, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A case for Mr. Willkie

BY

GOVERNOR HAROLD E. STASSE
OF MINNESOTA

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 29 SECONDS

AMERICA needs Wendell Willkie in the White House.

He will furnish the leadership we need in the next four years. Under President Willkie the country would be united. Resentment and bitterness from more than seven years of experimentation, uncertainty, and failure would disappear.

We would build America. We would make our country strong, our way of life secure. We would stop sliding into war. Men and women in all walks of life—workers, farmers, unemployed, business and professional people—would be better off.

Willkie's qualities and the unusual circumstances of his candidacy make him an exceptional answer to the crisis facing the country.

His life is an example of our finest traditions. Starting as a boy in a small Indiana town, he battled his way up step by step. He secured an education by his own efforts in one of our fine state institutions of learning. He served the country in the last World War. Then he climbed the ladder of private enterprise to a position of eminence. With this background of experience in American life he combines a forthright, straight-from-the-shoulder manner, a tolerant attitude, a keen mind, and a rugged physique. He is one of the people, yet a leader among men.

Recognizing these qualities, men and women in all parts of the United States began to say a few months ago that he would make a great President. Then, at Philadelphia, the delegates of the Republican Convention turned to him in a surprising way. He was nominated by the free and open action of the people. He made no commitments. He stands independent of domination from any source.

As a result of that Convention, Wendell Willkie is leading a new Republican Party. As his running mate, we have Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon, outstanding friend of the farmers, who still lives on the farm his grandfather homesteaded.

Working in close harmony with our candidates is the new National Chairman of the Republican Party, Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., a blacksmith's son from the industrial section of Massachusetts, who came up the hard way. He has served the laboring people of a great factory section of Massachusetts in Congress and has a record and endorsement as a friend of working men and women.

How fortunate that leadership of this kind is offered at the very time we need a change in Washington!

Under this leadership we can turn down the dangerous attempt to violate the tradition that no President shall be elected a third time, unbroken in 145 years of our history.

We can reject the demand of a clique of big-city machine bosses and federal jobholders that we continue an administration which the national defense requirements have thrown into fumbling confusion, and which has only one worn-out remedy for all difficulties—to spend, spend, spend.

We can refuse to keep in power the greatest federal bureaucracy of all time, with more than one million government employees.

We can assure ourselves that our relations with other nations will be honest and straightforward, free of secret trades and deals of which we are permitted to learn the facts only at the pleasure of the President.

Under the leadership of Wendell Willkie this country can have an adequate, well trained national defense force equipped under the direction of men who have not only the ability to co-ordinate the work of industry but also the authority to deal with industrial producers. He would not keep the preparedness program in constant confusion by attempting to run everything himself.

He would not, by a reckless and belligerent personal attitude toward European affairs, force this country closer to the brink of war. He has pledged that he will not lead the United States into the European war.

The Republican nominee desires to be President of the United States in order to apply his ideas, his train-

The battle goes on! Liber presents another round a notable all-star deba

ing, and his convictions to the problem of maintaining an orderly and balanced government in which business, labor, and agriculture will themselves be able to remove the handicaps an officious governmental supervision has placed upon them.

In Mr. Willkie's opinion, there is more than one man with the ability required for the Presidency in this vigorous nation of 130,000,000 people. That is one important point upon which he differs with the President.

He also believes that the unemployment total in the United States can be reduced materially from the 10,000,000 level where it has remained during the Roosevelt administration. He is convinced that the present practice of carrying on the federal government at an average annual deficit in excess of $3,000,000,000 cannot continue without resulting in bankruptcy or inflation.

The vicious and false personal attacks made upon Wendell Willkie by the New Dealers are themselves a confession of the fear of defeat and an admission that they cannot stand on their own record. The longer these attacks continue the more the fact stands out that their authors cannot point to a single instance in Mr. Willkie's whole life of unfairness to labor or intolerance for his fellow men.

The more we see of the clever political moves of the present administration and the more the President takes dictatorial powers of trading off our military equipment and destroyers into his own hands, the more we realize the importance of the third-term tradition, with its inherent safeguards against lust for power.

I urge the people of America to see and hear and learn to know Wendell Willkie as he travels about the country. His candidacy is in the hands of the people. The people need him in the White House.

THE END

Let's talk facts, Governor

BY SENATOR JAMES F. BYRNES OF SOUTH CAROLINA

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 29 SECONDS

NO corporation would in the midst of a grave crisis in its affairs dispense with the services of an executive who had years of experience in that particular business.

Thoughtful voters will not in the midst of the gravest crisis in the history of this country dispense with the services of a man who has served more than seven years as President, and elect in his place a man who has had no experience in government, either state or national.

A man, to be successful as president of the Commonwealth & Southern Corporation, must devote all of his time to the study of questions affecting that particular business. He cannot be expected to know the problems of the wheat growers, of the cotton growers, of the laborers. He could not know the delicate problems that have arisen in our foreign affairs.

There is nothing in the training of a corporation executive that fits him for service as President. A corporation executive is accustomed to determining a policy. When he submits his decision in the form of an order to the superintendent, he is through. The subordinate must execute that order. That is not true of a President of the United States. He must submit his decision as to a policy to a Congress composed of 435 congressmen and ninety-six senators. Each one of these has his own idea as to what the policy should be. The President must have the qualities of leadership, to induce the Congress to agree to the policy recommended.

Has Mr. Willkie shown any evidence of that leadership of men? He announced that he favored the Conscription Bill. A few days later, 10 Republican senators voted against the bill, and only 8 voted for it.

He issued a statement denouncing the provision in the bill authorizing the government to take over and operate a factory which was needed for national defense, when the manufacturer refused to sell his products to the government or refused to agree upon terms under the law fixing a maximum profit of 12 per cent. That provision was supported by 13 Republican senators, while only 8 followed Mr. Willkie.

In the House, Republican congressmen, by a vote of more than two to one, supported this proposal.

When the Conscription Bill was passed in the House, 112 Republicans voted against it and only 52 for it.

Now, if the Republicans of the Senate and the House will not follow the leadership of Mr. Willkie during a campaign, do you think they would after the election? If he cannot influence *them*, what chance has he to influence Democratic legislators?

As only one third of the senators are elected this year, the Senate will certainly be overwhelmingly Democratic. Should we elect a Republican House, we will have a divided Congress. That is bad. If, however, we have a Republican President who cannot influence the Republicans of the Senate or House and certainly cannot influence the Democratic majority in the Senate, *we will have a government divided against itself, at a time when unity is essential.*

On the question of preparedness, President Roosevelt for several years

Personal interview reveals secrets of

Claudette Colbert's "Hollywood Sparkle"!

1 "CAMERA!" shouts the director. It's the most important scene from Paramount's "Arise My Love" . . . every movement, every expression, depends on Miss Colbert's lovely smile. "And *what* a smile," says Ed Sullivan, famous movie critic. "I've been often asked what her secret was for those sparkling teeth of hers—and this time I'm going to find out!"

2 Miss Colbert: "Secret? Why Ed, where have you been all these years? . . . most of my movie friends are Calox fans. To tell the truth, I thought everyone knew we used Calox for that *Hollywood Sparkle*."

3 Ed Sullivan: "Calox fans? What is this, a club? No fooling now, why is it you're so downright loyal to Calox?"

SEEING IS BELIEVING, ISN'T IT, ED? THE FAMOUS CALOX **'FINGER-NAIL TEST'** CONVINCED ME THAT EVERYTHING THEY SAY ABOUT THIS TOOTH POWDER IS TRUE!

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has been ahead of his party, and his party away ahead of the Republican Party. Let us look at the record:

On May 3, 1938, four months before Munich, there was a vote in the United States Senate to provide funds to maintain the navy during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1939. The bill passed by a vote of 56 to 28. But only 7 Republicans voted for the bill and 9 voted against it. Among the former was the Republican candidate for Vice-President, Senator McNary.

On March 6, 1939, six months after Munich, there was a vote in the Senate on increasing the number of army airplanes from 5,500 to 6,000. Nine Republicans were against the increase, only 6 for it. Among the former was Senator McNary.

On March 7, 1939, on the final passage in the Senate of the bill providing for the national defense, of 8 votes cast against the bill, 4 were Republican.

On May 18, 1939, after Austria had been absorbed and Czecho-Slovakia invaded, the Navy Appropriation Bill passed the Senate by a vote of 61 to 14. Of the 14 opposed to providing any funds for the navy, 7 were Republicans.

In the House, on May 8, 1939, the Navy Appropriation Bill passed, 297 to 58. Of the 58 votes cast against your navy, 54 were Republicans.

When the House was considering the Army Appropriation Bill, four amendments were offered by a Republican congressman which would have slashed millions of dollars from the appropriations designed to increase the safety of this nation. Of the 150 congressmen who voted to reduce the preparedness appropriations, 145 were Republicans.

This is the record of the Republicans before and after Munich.

I gladly testify that since the invasion of Norway and the fall of France, the Republicans have voted for defense appropriations as unanimously as have the Democrats.

On the domestic front, there are few issues. Mr. Willkie in his acceptance speech followed the Republican Platform in endorsing every phase of the New Deal program. He endorsed the Agricultural Adjustment Act, the parity payments, adequate relief appropriations, Social Security, regulation of Security Exchange, the Wage and Hour Law, and the Wagner Labor Act.

While agreeing to the entire New Deal program, Mr. Willkie says the Republican Party can administer these laws better than the Democratic Party. Picture yourself as a judge called upon to try a case involving the custody of a child. On one side sits the woman with her child. On the other side the president of the local Light & Power Company and his wife. They have no children. They admit that the mother loves her child, but they argue that she is not as capable as they are of properly rearing the child. Would you give them that woman's child?

THE END

Gunfire... AND THE JERSEY LILY

Gary Cooper and Doris Davenport in The Westerner, an exciting drama of the Southwest.

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★½ THE WESTERNER

THE PLAYERS: Gary Cooper, Walter Brennan, Fred Stone, Doris Davenport, Forrest Tucker, Lillian Bond, Paul Hurst, Chill Wills, Charles Halton, Tom Tyler, Lupita Tovar, Dana Andrews, Julian Rivero, Roger Gray, Arthur Aylesworth, Trevor Burdette. Screen play by Jo Swerling and Niven Busch based on a story by Stuart Lake. Directed by William Wyler. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists. Running time, 100 minutes.

JUST as Stagecoach was the best Western since The Covered Wagon, The Westerner is the best since Stagecoach. It is a neat, skillful job of direction, and for all of Gary Cooper's steely, stalwart cowboy with the tight-lipped glints of humor, it is stolen—saddle, bridle, horse, and all—by Walter Brennan.

Here you have the broad plains of southwest Texas sixty years ago, when homesteaders were beginning to stake out claims, build their homes, start to till their new-found fields. Opposed to them were the cattlemen, original settlers of the land, who wanted a terrain unbroken by fences or claims for their cattle. Cooper plays a wandering cowboy, a restless gent in the saddle, always longing for spots beyond the horizon. Picture-stealer Brennan has the role of an old pioneer, Roy Bean, who beside the Pecos River has built the town of Vinegarroon around his liquor emporium. Bean establishes himself as justice of the peace, calls himself "the law west of the Pecos," dispenses justice any way the mood strikes him. He is a cruel, hard overlord of the open spaces. He has one weakness—a strange, bizarre infatuation for Lillie Langtry, whose garish pictures adorn his bar.

Cooper, as the silent drifter, finds himself entangled with the harassed homesteaders, falling in love with the pretty daughter of one. Shall he ride away while he can?

I won't tell you what happens, nor even whisper of the dramatic climax when Judge Bean buys out the entire opry house at Fort Davis on the night of Lillie Langtry's appearance, sits in lonely grandeur in the empty theater, suddenly is confronted, as the curtain rises, by Cooper, six-shooters in hands.

The Westerner is superbly directed. William Wyler has made tremendously effective use of sudden pauses, of dramatic silences, of sparse dialogue. Cooper is admirable as the taciturn wanderer with the hard-bitten sense of humor. But the film is mostly Walter Brennan as the ornery, tobacco-chewing, bewhiskered dictator of the Vinegarroon saloon.

VITAL STATISTICS: Roy Bean was a real person of the '80s. A pioneer quick on the draw, he built the town of Vinegarroon (named after the huge scorpions that abound near the border), built his saloon, made himself justice of the peace. When the Southern Pacific built its right of way eight miles distant, he moved his town, named it Langtry. His passion for the Jersey Lily was picturesque. In real life he never met her, died a quiet, undramatic death for all his wild life. . . . Walter Brennan hit Hollywood fifteen years ago. Born in Swampscott, Massachusetts, he served with the Twenty-sixth Division in France, was gassed, went to California, landed in the real-estate business. Boom collapsed. He became an extra, worked his way up in old-man roles. . . . As Doris Jordan, Doris Davenport tried for several years to break into films as an extra, gave up, went to New York, became a photographic model. Then she was tested for Scarlett in GWTW, brought to Hollywood. But she didn't get the role. RKO gave her a contract, but after one film, Sorority House, she was dropped. Then she tested for this role, got it. Real name is Davenport. . . . Art director James Basevi, in building the Fort Davis Grand Opera House, reconstructed the original in minute detail. It was an ornate theater in its day. . . . Gary Cooper injured his leg badly; had to be lifted into the saddle for his riding scenes.

★ ★ ★ CITY FOR CONQUEST

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Ann Sheridan, Frank Craven, Frank McHugh, Arthur Kennedy, Donald Crisp, Jerome Cowan, Elia Kazan, Anthony Quinn, Lee Patrick, Blanche Yurka, George Lloyd, Joyce Compton, Thurston Hall, Ben Welden, John Arledge, Ed Keane, Selmer Jackson, Joseph Crehan. Screen play by John Wexley based on the novel by Aben Kandel. Directed by Anatole Litvak. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 106 minutes.

ABEN KANDEL'S yarn of the boys and girls who come up from the tenements—some honestly, some by devious means—suffers from overambitiousness. It strains too hard to be an epic of the teeming melting pot of the East Side. It overreaches for significance. There is, for instance, a commentator after the fashion of Our Town. In fact, there is the same commentator, Frank Craven, this time as a tramp who roams the city's byways, talks philosophically into the cameras of the tragedy, the comedy, the loneliness, and the friendliness of the city's streets.

The story itself is simple. Danny Kenny gives up truck driving to become a pugilist in order that a younger brother may have a musical education. Danny loves a little jitterbug but, alas, she falls for the blandishments of a slicker who dances. Little Peggy becomes a successful dancer with her partner. Danny and Peggy go to the top but their courses

Ghosts of a colorful yesterday come vividly to life in an exciting film

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PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE
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City State

are far apart. The cameras follow Danny to blindness at the gloves of a crooked fighter, Peggy to near starvation in a hall bedroom. But the kid brother plays his symphony of the city streets in Carnegie Hall while thousands cheer.

Jimmy Cagney gives Danny Kenny the tang of authenticity. Ann Sheridan's pavement blossom is pleasant but less successful. There is a vivid bit by Elia Kazan of a no-good boy of the street who moves from reformatory to big-time gambler. The kid brother's symphony is, I regret to report, too flavored of Gershwin and none too good even at that.

The picture is too long, too ambitious—but there's the vivid Cagney in fighting trunks packing a punch.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jimmy Cagney read Aben Kandel's novel, City for Conquest, four years ago, has wanted to do it ever since. Now Kandel is writing a sequel, carrying the same characters on. . . . Cagney's definition of a good actor: One who makes the longest scene in a picture seem the shortest. Here Jimmy apparently landed a husky punch on Ann Sheridan's shoulder. Doesn't, really. But it's his first blow against the fair sex in four years. After rubbing a grapefruit in Mae Clarke's face in an early film, he was called on to rough up other picture gals, swore off—until now. . . . The Warners had cameraman Bunny Haskins and a technical crew in New York for three weeks shooting key scenes from the Battery to Williamsburg Bridge.

THE TURNTABLE

A review of the outstanding recent phonographic recordings

BY LISTENER

CLASSICAL

★★★½ DVORAK: *Symphony No. 5 in E Minor.* Leopold Stokowski conducting the All-American Youth Orchestra (Columbia Set 416). Brilliant performance by outstanding new orchestra. Stokowski leads this young group in a particularly appropriate number for their record debut.

★★★½ BEETHOVEN: *Quartet No. 4 in C Minor.* The Coolidge Quartet (Victor Album 696). Vigorous music played with spirit and assurance. Recommended for all chamber-music enthusiasts or those yet to be initiated.

★★★ FRANCK: *Organ Music,* played by Charles M. Courboin (Victor Album 695). Four skillfully played and excellently recorded organ selections. The *Pastorale* and *Chorale No. 3* are most artistically rendered.

★★★ BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 2 in D Major.* New York Philharmonic-Symphony conducted by John Barbirolli (Columbia Set 412). Satisfying interpretation of this most appealing of Brahms' symphonies. The orchestra's full tonal coloring is captured with great fidelity.

OFF THE BEATEN PATH

★★★½ *Frankie Carle at the Piano* (Columbia Album C-23). Popular selections crisply played by versatile young pianist-composer. The numbers range from his own *Sunrise Serenade* to Rachmaninoff's *Prelude in C Sharp Minor.*

POPULAR

★★★½ *I Could Make You Care.* Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra (Victor 26717). Beautifully played slow ballad featuring Frank Sinatra's vocal. The boys get a real lift in *The World Is in My Arms* on the reverse.

★★★½ *Never Took a Lesson in My Life.* Gene Krupa's Orchestra (Okeh 5715). Gene's solid beat and the band's ensemble work score again . . . Irene Daye vocal. The lovely *Tonight,* in conga-fox-trot rhythm, is on the other side.

★★★½ *My Greatest Mistake.* Duke Ellington's Orchestra (Victor 26719). The Duke's men show how well they can play a popular tune . . . gorgeous baritone sax and trombone solos are backed by restrained brass-section work.

★★★ *Ferry-Boat Serenade.* Leo Reisman's Orchestra (Victor 26718). Catchy novelty number clearly played . . . includes appropriate musical effects and an accordion . . . Anita Boyer vocal. *Now I Lay Me Down to Dream,* on reverse, has the same vocalist . . . a good piano chorus.

★★★ *Don't Let It Get You Down.* Will Bradley's Orchestra (Columbia 35629). The band plays solidly at a danceable tempo . . . Louise Tobin sings well. The same can be said for *'Deed I Do,* on the other side.

SWING

★★★½ *Dixieland Jazz.* Bob Crosby's Orchestra (Decca Album No. 132). Consistently great jazz . . . played with a freedom usually found only in smaller groups. *Smokey Mary* shows off their drive . . . *Dixieland Shuffle* their ability to play blues.

★★★ *Dough-Ra-Me.* Lionel Hampton's Orchestra (Victor 26696). Clever improvisations on the scale . . . Lionel's vibraharp and the fine rhythm section shine. Helen Forest sings a worth-while chorus in *A Ghost of a Chance* on the B side.

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Cleveland	WHK 9:00 E.S.T.	St. Louis	KWK 8:00 C.S.T.
Detroit	WXYZ 9:00 E.S.T.	Washington, D.C.	WOL 9:00 E.S.T.

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*See local paper for time and station.

40 ANSWERS BY SIDNEY S. LENZ TO HIS QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—Auction bridge, bridge, whist.

2—A hand,containing no card higher than a nine. So called after a Lord Yarborough who made a practice of betting a thousand pounds to one against holding such a hand. The actual odds are 1,828 to 1.

3—There is no penalty when the revoking side takes no tricks after the error is made. If only one trick is taken, only one may be charged.

4—Bret Harte: Plain Language from Truthful James:

That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.

5—A bluff bid. It is intended to fool the opponents, but is usually more successful in befuddling the partner.

6—If he voluntarily looks at his opponents' or his partner's cards.

7—No. After the final card is dealt, the deal stands.

8—" According to Hoyle." Edmond Hoyle (1672-1769).

9—An endeavor to win a trick with a card that is not the best.

10—That of Joseph B. Elwell.

11—When all four players pass, the hands are arranged in suits and the pack is cut but not shuffled. The cards are dealt in lots of 5-5-3. This tends to produce freak hands. The goulash was abolished when it was found that the mathematical experts could definitely locate all thirteen cards they originally held.

12—Skillful play to capture a trump honor that is apparently safely guarded. It is accomplished by trumping partner's aces or top cards to reduce trumps to the number held by the opponent.

13—A call for a new deal. The hand holds fourteen cards!

14—No. Concession of a trick that cannot be lost is not allowed.

15—It is against the proprieties to look at any card until the deal is completed.

16—Distribution.

17—The player is deemed to have doubled the actual declaration and his partner is barred from further bidding on the deal.

18—The King and Queen of Hearts in Alice in Wonderland.

19—King Henry VIII's.

20—The lead of a long suit to force embarrassing discards from the opponents. At whist, this play was called the Vienna coup.

21—By leading the two of spades and covering the card played by the west hand.

22—An artificial bid of a club to denote certain high-card values. If the partner responds with " one diamond," it is also an artificial bid and denies strength.

23—The king of diamonds.

24—Assuredly; but try and get it! There is nothing in the rules as a basis for such a claim.

25—Yes. When the partner makes an informatory double. If the partner opens with a demand or forcing bid of two in a suit, the response with this hand should be " Two no trumps."

26—Against a no-trump declaration, if the dummy does not hold, in the led suit, as good as four to the ten or three to the jack.

27—Two spades. This is a demand bid, forcing the partner to respond until game is arrived at. The pre-emptive bid shows practically no strength aside from spades.

28—No.

29—No. But the player should give the opponents an opportunity to discover the inadvertence by playing out his cards face upward.

30—An onlooker at a game who points out the mistakes of the players.

31—An opening bid of two in a suit forces the partner to bid until game is arrived at. Also a jump bid in another suit over partner's bid.

32—Contract, 1918. Auction, 1900. Bridge, 1860. Whist, 1621.

33—No misdeal. The missing card is replaced in hand and player is liable for any revoke penalty he may have incurred.

34—Yes. If the correction is made in the same suit, partner is barred from bidding only on his next turn. If the correction is in another suit, partner is barred for the rest of the bidding.

35—None. An incorrect penalty may be more or less harmful than the proper one, but in any event it cannot be changed after the hand is finished.

36—No. The dealer should complete the cut.

37—The Blackwood convention is used to facilitate slam bidding by showing aces and kings.

38—Only when it is his turn to bid. After bidding is completed, only the final declaration need be restated.

39—Yes. All players may shuffle, but dealer has the last chance.

40—South leads the diamond, discarding ace of spades in dummy. The next lead is the spade, on which the ace of clubs is discarded. West is forced to lead a club and his partner is in distress.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

IT seems rather important to be acquainted with any artist who stimulates the imaginative minds of our children. Boy and girl are father and mother to all of us—which, in plain language, means that young habits of thinking determine our progress in life. Cosmic adventurer Flash Gordon, hero of newspaper cartoons, has become a dominant figure in the youthlore of America today. Consequently the man who creates Flash Gordon is a man whom we should know. . . . He is Alexander Gillespie Raymond, a square-set young American, keen-eyed and athletic. I asked him to tell us about himself and Flash.

"The name Flash," said Mr. Raymond, "was suggested by Joe Connolly, head of King Features Syndicate, to imply speed, light, and ultra-dynamic force. Gordon's intimate personality was inspired by a schoolmate of mine at Georgetown University: Paul Dillon. He sells insurance now. He's my brother-in-law."

Mr. Raymond's favorite boyhood books were Howard Pyle's Robin Hood, Pyle's Book of Pirates, Sir Walter Scott's historical novels, Jules Verne, and the Rover Boys series. Mr. Raymond confessed, "I always have had a weakness for romance. When my wife and I eloped, we kept our marriage a secret for one whole year. No reasonable reason. We just wanted to."

Aren't you glad to know Flash Gordon's creator is as humanly vulnerable as that?

☆ *More secret romance:* I know a much publicized debutante who wears her Tiffany solitaire only in solitude, mostly while taxicabbing alone. She's afraid friends might tell if they should see. Her intended is a freshman at college, and both families would explode if told, because the kids are so young. Who can say gilded youth lacks character? I say it takes a strong-minded deb, however wealthy, to keep a three-carat diamond dark!

☆ Engagement rings, wedding rings, brooches, bracelets—all kinds of precious adornment worn through the ages—are traced back historically in the interesting new book, 5,000 Years of Gems and Jewelry, by Frances Rogers and Alice Beard. (Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

☆ Landmarks of a world more lavish and leisurely are being swept away everywhere, among them the Cornelius Vanderbilt home at 640 Fifth Avenue, due to be evacuated this autumn, torn down during the winter. Into a modern apartment with Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt will go her autographed photos of royalty—Russia's last Czarina in an exquisite turquoise enamel frame, Belgium's Elizabeth (who once stayed at 640), Albert of the Belgians, George VI of England, and many other sovereigns. Also with Mrs. Vanderbilt will go her butler and her chef. A rare phenomenon, her butler actually smiles at jokes overheard! He's been with her since 1922. Not long ago she said to me, "In forty years of housekeeping I have had only three chefs." She is proud of that fact—and rightly so.

"Mama wants to come along, too. Do you mind, dear?"

☆ Europe's war hits our spice supply, and in consequence we must learn to use seasonings more easily obtainable, such as specified in this old hacienda recipe for *Monterey Chicken:* . . . Cut a 5-pound chicken in joints; simmer gently 1 hour in heavy saucepan with ½ cup water and 3 cups peeled, seeded tomatoes, then add salt, pepper, 1 scant teaspoon orégano (Mexican sage), 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ cup peanuts roasted brown and finely ground. When chicken is cooked tender, put in 1 cup California white wine. Thicken sauce slightly with flour and butter. Serve piping hot with corn-meal pancakes.

☆ Motoring South, a friend of mine who winters at a Miami trailer camp discovered that old blue overalls, the more faded the better, can be cut up and worked, by a special sewing process, into the *loveliest* big dining-room rugs. It's a cabin industry; never has been commercialized. My friend let local folk know she would pay twenty-five cents a pair for old overalls. Soon her clothesline was sagging with them, waiting to be sent to the laundry. She collected two barrelfuls of old-overall denim; cut it up on the bias; made a rug eight feet across—a rug strikingly beautiful with its varied interplay of mellow blue tones. *Perfect* for a colonial dining room.

☆ Signed *Future Mother,* a timely letter from a reader was printed recently by a New York newspaper, the Daily News. Future Mother said she expected to be in a hospital, having a baby, around election time, and had been told she couldn't vote because no provision is made by law for the absentee voting of hospital patients. Only provision is for voters *away on legitimate business.* "I'm a housewife," she wrote. "I consider that having a baby is my legitimate business. Is it fair to deprive me of my vote?" . . . It certainly isn't! Something ought to be done!

Football's White Slaves

by YANKEE STADE

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WE sports lovers have long since become reconciled to the fact that the college football amateur is the vanishing American.

Able and efficient Major John L. Griffith, Commissioner of Athletics for the Western Conference, "the Judge Landis of the Big Ten," states that "the colleges and universities in 1939 showed a tendency to divide into two groups, the first group composed of institutions that provide athletic scholarships for their football players . . . the second group composed of institutions that are attempting to operate their athletics on a non-paid-player basis."

There is an infinitude of significance in that word "attempting." How unsuccessful the attempt has become is evidenced by the almost complete apathy toward the subject on the part of both college authorities and the general public.

Who cares nowadays whether a boy is an amateur or a professional so long as he plays to win?

The answer—except as to the effect on the boys themselves of having to live a lie under the present hypocritical system, and seeing the people they are expected to look up to as examples living a lie—is "No one."

And it would be a lucky break if this were universally admitted by college authorities—a lucky break for accuracy and for morality too—since no one ever did care really, not even the sounding-off college deans and presidents who loudly endorsed the findings of such a house-cleaning organization as the Carnegie Foundation, and then never did a thing to carry out that organization's recommendations. Yet the procedure of the faculty members of the Pacific Coast Conference in paying $40,000 to ex-G-man Edgar Newton Atherton, now in the private detective business in Los Angeles, to ferret out sins against "amateurism" seems to be running true to form.

Over a two-year period the smart 43-year-old F. B. I. graduate questioned some 500 men who had won their insignia in 1937 as representatives of the ten Coast Conference universities, and persuaded 250 of them to give him complete case histories showing their various degrees of subsidization and servitude.

These confessions he set forth in a dozen huge tomes, and then fired the whole five-foot shelf of shame at his pedagogical employers

The big mortarboard-and-midnight-oil boys loudly announced their intention to quit recruiting prep-school athletes by offering them athletic scholarships or low-visibility sinecure jobs, to do their best to prevent alumni from investing in football players, to abolish the secret scalping of football tickets (to be resold at high ticket-speculator prices—a common source of concealed revenue for college "amateurs"), and to cut out other "bad practices."

Parents, beware!—While money-games reign, what is happening to education?

Well, maybe they will do these things, but, if we can judge by past performances, football fans on the Coast need not worry. They'll get their "Battle of Gettysburg every Saturday" as per usual. In the very year 1937, when Ed Atherton was beginning his Pacific Coast laundry work, the National Collegiate Athletic Association met in solemn conclave in Manhattan and adopted, without a dissenting giggle, the report of its "committee to investigate influences inimical to college sport," which read as follows:

"The Committee is opposed to post-season football games of all descriptions, including so-called 'bowl games,' feeling they have no part in the athletic programs of the colleges. . . ."

Today, as everybody knows, we have an ever increasing flock of Rose Bowls, Cotton Bowls, Sugar Bowls, Orange Bowls, and every fall we have an increasingly unseemly scramble on the part of the very men who issued that pronunciamento to get their colleges cut in on the swag.

In short, if we depend on the men who run college athletics to "save" amateurism, all we can say is "Heaven help the amateurs!"

And why *should* the college bigwigs try to "save" the amateur game? Nobody expects Uncle Mike

Jacobs to refrain from trying to stage a fight that will produce a million-dollar gate.

The analogy is a close one, for the men who run these great college hippodromes are as strictly commercial as the men who run our prize fights or our horse races or our fan-dance exhibitions. And if the college officials don't know it, if they are blind to what is going on in their own organizations, they aren't fit to run those organizations and certainly not fit to mold the futures of our boys and girls.

AS for their concessionaires, the athletic associations, to which the presidents and deans and faculty members and trustees farm out the box-office privileges at their giant stadia, they are simply crawling with Mike Jacobses—and no disrespect meant to Uncle Mike, who is a good fellow and a smart one—in the form of graduate managers, press agents, high-salaried coaches, and all the other hangers-on that go to make up the usual professional pugilist's training camp.

The situation, alas! is not a new one. Disinterested citizens, not only those who have the interest of athletics at heart but those who wish to protect the interest of the colleges, have long been aghast at the lengths to which college commercialism has gone. Yet in spite of a growing knowledge—and a growing disgust too—on the part of the public, the greedy men in the top spots of college athletics have gone right on looking upon their bought-and-paid-for "heroes" as so much cattle to be valued at so much a head.

The members of the high-pressure elevens which trot out on the field arrayed in costly sweaters and uniforms aren't there because they like to play football. They are performing a duty, going through an unbelievably hard grind to win. To win what? Well, publicity for themselves, which may or may not be a good thing, but chiefly publicity for the institutions they are, in most cases, hired to represent. And that publicity is then supposed to be turned by crafty college presidents into increased attendance, increased prestige, and increased revenue.

Boys are sent out on the gridiron to make money for their masters. Throughout their period of service they are football's white slaves.

It's business, all right, big business; perhaps good business from the strictly commercial standpoint.

But is it sport? Is it education?

And the professional sports promoters who operate big-time, high-pressure college football aren't the only offenders. There are, in every college athletic picture, the nonprofessional alumni—the old grads, who picture themselves as devoting their lives to the grand old school by hiring sinewy youths to go to college for athletic purposes only, and thus plunge their colleges further into the mire of a hypocritical professionalism which smirches reputation and destroys character.

The job of completing the commercializing of college football and the demoralizing of its players is usually turned over to strictly selfish interests which haven't the most tenuous connection with the college students whom they exploit. "Yankee Stade" is not thinking now of the growing radio use of football games for selling tooth paste, chewing gum, gasoline, and what have you—although there is a laugh in that too. He is thinking of the grotesque situation in the City of Angels.

This editorial in the Daily Trojan, student organ of the University of Southern California, describes something which has been happening in that section ever since big-time football and big-time movie glorifying began:

> For several years Trojan football players have been the idols in the eyes of the mercenary population of Hollywood. Rather the Trojans thought they were idols, though actually they were as toys to some henna-haired beauty or to a film magnate. They were wined and dined and made to feel the world was theirs, when they were really just pawns. . . . If S. C.'s gridders can forget the false friendship of Hollywood and buckle down to the task of football . . . there is nothing that can stop them from vanquishing Pittsburgh Saturday.

WHEN the Southern California team arrived at Pittsburgh the pilgrims were met by a newspaper headline which echoed the Trojan's own sentiments with:

FILM CUTIES' TOY TROJANS ARRIVE

Said Coach Howard Jones, naturally peeved, to his itinerant troops: "If there is any truth in it, it will show up Saturday. . . . If we lose, I'll be ashamed of you."

The fact that Sunday-morning's paper recorded that "50,000 Saw Pittsburgh Win, 20 to 6" may or may not be significant. Whether the boys who receive these devitalizing ministrations from the general public bloom financially or wilt physically under them does not affect the question of whether such ministrations in the long run promote the right kind of college atmosphere or produce the right kind of college graduates.

But one thing is certain: when outside noncollegiate exploitation for strictly selfish purposes smells so to heaven that the students' own papers take public notice of the situation, you have an idea of the extent to which the exploitation of college football players has been carried behind the holy smoke screen of "amateurism."

We can't go on indefinitely saying "Who cares?"

Obviously somebody does care, or should care, and that somebody is the American parent. He should care about what is happening to his son through participation in a mode of life so shot through with hypocrisy and deceit. Not just the son who is being paid for his part in this giant money-getting enterprise, but the son who is not being paid: the average student.

If boys are poor and deserve scholarships, they are being deprived of their just deserts by the giving of those same scholarships to boys who do not deserve them. If they need jobs to help them through college, they are likewise being robbed if the few jobs available are given as part payment for athletic rather than scholastic achievement.

But supposing the sons are not poor. Aren't they being robbed, too?

If the rich alumnus who might be persuaded to endow a permanent chair in economics or government or any of the other social sciences or cultural arts is encouraged instead to endow a swiftly passing succession of wingbacks and roving centers, the young man who wants the best education he can get and the father who pays to see that he gets it are both being given the run-around by a lot of begowned and bespectacled charlatans.

And quite aside from these scholastic considerations, there is the moral question involved, the fact that the average student, the boy who, whether he plays football or not, must live three or four years of his life in an atmosphere of phoniness and downright dishonesty.

What is the cure for all this?

Well, many have been suggested.

Endow college athletics, say some. But that simply means diverting even more prospective endowment money from educational channels.

Abolish gate receipts, say others. Very good, but to do so imposes a still greater tax on the fathers of students who are not among the participants in these intercollegiate hippodromes, without any additional educational advantages for *their* sons in return.

EMPLOY frankly professional teams made up of alumni to represent the colleges instead of camouflaged professional undergraduate teams as now, says one other—that one other being "Yankee Stade." But that is another story, and too long a one to be discussed in this analysis, the primary purpose of which is to show what the present college football situation really is.

If, after knowing that situation, we, the paying customers, want it continued, very well. It will be continued. But what "Yankee Stade" hopes will happen is that the wrong and the witlessness of going on as at present will be so borne in on all of us that we will say of the whole business of fake college "amateurism" what Prime Minister Winston Churchill said in his recent book in describing present-day warfare:

"It has ceased to be a gentleman's game. To hell with it!"

THE END

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Meant for each other

BY MIGNON BUSHELL

THE first time I saw Lewis and Mary together, I knew they were meant for each other. That's the way it hit everybody who ever saw them, I think. I don't know just what it was—at least, I don't know what it was *most*. Part of it, of course, was that they *looked* so wonderful together. They both had that long, lean gracefulness that reminded you of fashion-magazine illustrations; there was a sort of almost Wagnerian beauty about them. I know you're not supposed to use a word like "beauty" about a man, and I'm probably giving a totally misleading picture of Lewis, but I can't think of a better way to put it.

There was a lot more to it than just the way they looked. There was a curious quality always to their talk, as though for every meaning an outsider could see in their words Lewis and Mary had several secret meanings all their own.

We all assumed they would marry; it was one of those things you just took for granted. So that every one was really stunned when Lewis suddenly married Christine instead. No one ever knew why he did it. Some people said it was for her money; but those of us who knew him well knew it couldn't have been that—not with Lewis. Personally, I've always suspected that he and Mary had some silly quarrel, and maybe Mary made a lot of large foolish talk about being through, and Lewis was hurt, and Christine happened to be around. Heaven knows she'd always been around, ever since they were kids. And—well, somehow, before any one really knew it, they had got married.

They say Christine was so blind in love with him she didn't realize he scarcely even saw her; that it was always Mary for him, and always would be. But I don't entirely believe that, either. I think women have a way of knowing those things.

Of course it was tough on Lewis. Really, it was tough on all of them, when you get right down to it. But they played the game pretty well. Mary stayed away, and Christine kept her chin up, and Lewis went through all the motions of being a devoted husband. Maybe if there'd been a child it might have worked, too; but of course you can't be sure.

I remember that night at the country club when we were all wondering what would happen and something finally did. It was the first time Lewis and Mary had seen each other since Lewis' marriage, and probably they hadn't planned it that night, either. Mary came in with Joe Evans, and she was the most beautiful thing you ever saw—her skin like cream or bridal satin or something, and that incredible red hair in braids round and round her head. Lewis was sitting there with Christine, who just looked nice and ordinary and Christine-ish, and we all forgot our manners and gaped at him to see how he was going to take it. As a matter of fact, he took it wonderfully, and you could hardly tell what was going on inside him, except for that funny little muscle in his jaw that kept twitching, and the lines around his mouth that had such a strange white look in his sunburned face.

A little later Mary came over to the table and smiled and talked to us all as though there weren't anything on earth the matter. And then she said gently, "Well, Lewis, aren't you going to dance with me?" Lewis looked at her then, and the white lines got whiter and he didn't seem able to say a word. Mary said, "Do you mind, Christine?" And Christine laughed and said, "Of course not, darling. Go ahead, Lewis; you're being rude."

So they danced; and we all watched them, not openly of course, but out of the corners of our eyes. They didn't speak at all while they were dancing. He held her in a funny way, stiffly and way apart from him, as though he couldn't bear to touch her—only it wasn't quite that, either. And after the music stopped they still hadn't said a single word to each other; but they didn't need to, I guess, because she just turned and walked out onto the terrace, and he walked after her, and they might have been moving in a dream.

They couldn't have been out there long before it happened, and it was ghastly. The scene, I mean. We've all known each other for years, and I must say no one ever suspected Christine of being like that. She didn't actually scream, but her voice had that terrible *carrying* quality to it, and there wasn't a soul in all that crowded place who didn't hear her. And she said only five words, but they were enough. "*You let my husband alone!*" That's all—but there was more venom and fury in those five words than you'd ever expect to hear outside of a Berchtesgaden speech.

Well, among other things, it broke up the party, of course. No one felt like bothering with any show-must-go-on act after that. Naturally, we all assumed that this was the end—but we were fooled. Lewis and Christine didn't break up at all. They went right on as though nothing had happened. And, Lewis being the kind of person he is, I'd be willing to bet he's never mentioned the incident to a living soul.

That's the way the situation is to this very minute. Except that we all think it's a damn shame, and about time they all came to their senses—which is why I'm writing this letter. *Somebody's* got to do something about it. It's ridiculous for three people to go on suffering silently and nobly. That's why I've finally got up enough courage to write Lewis and tell him it's crazy for him to go on with a pointless marriage, and that he ought to make all three of them happy by breaking it up now and marrying Mary.

I've never written a letter like this before, and I don't exactly know how to sign it. Should I put "Sincerely," I wonder? Or "Love"? Or simply, "Christine"?

THE END

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READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Mr. Ames and the DARK ENCHANTRESS

BY WALTER BROOKS

THIS is one of those triangle stories. It is about a girl named Matilda Atwater and a man named Nelson Ames whom she married. They are two of the angles. And the third was a social leader who has been the unnamed corespondent in half this country's divorce suits—Mrs. Grundy.

Well Matilda was a nice girl. She was tall and dark and in an evening gown and properly lighted could look definitely dangerous. She lived in Sydenham a New England city where as a concession to local conservatism she had adopted a protective coloration of old-fashioned meekness. But she thought of herself as distinctly modern. That makes it harder to understand why she married Mr. Ames who although entertaining enough when not thinking about himself was almost always thinking about himself and about what people were thinking about him. Maybe she was in love.

Anyway they were married and Mr. Ames got a position in the Sydenham National Bank of which her uncle Mr. John Atwater was president. You take one of these cupids that fly around on rococo ceilings and dress him in blue serge with a pincenez and a flower in his buttonhole and that is Mr. Atwater. He was one of Sydenham's most prominent citizens and he knew it and of course he had to act up to it. But he was a little afraid of Mr. Ames.

Well one day Matilda heard a swishing sound and she looked out of the window and saw what looked like a maroon battleship coming up the drive. It stopped and out got Mrs. Lanyard who was Mr. Ames' mother. Matilda who liked Mrs. Lanyard was glad to see her. But she knew that Mr. Ames wouldn't be specially because he did not approve of her—she was sometimes taken for Mr. Ames' sister.

Well Matilda ran out and hugged her mother-in-law and said how glad she was to see her and Mrs. Lanyard said how glad she was to see *her* and then Matilda said "Is this a visit or just a call?" "A couple of days if you'll have me" said Mrs. Lanyard. "I could have phoned but I thought it would upset Nelson if I just came and it's good for Nelson to be upset." Matilda smiled and didn't say anything and Mrs. Lanyard said "How is Nelson getting on at the bank? Is he seventeenth vice-president yet?" Matilda smiled and didn't say anything again and Mrs. Lanyard said "I must say I think it's a little hard for your Uncle John. You know when Nelson first got the position I said that I thought it was so nice for him because Mr. Atwater could push him ahead rapidly and Nelson said that he'd made it clear when he took the job that he expected no favoritism. He said he preferred to make his own way. Well Tilda I think I'll spend this summer in Sydenham."

"In—in Sydenham!" said Matilda. "Then you're not going to Europe—O no of course—the war. But I think that would be wonderful!" "I believe you do" said Mrs. Lanyard looking pleased. "Only you must understand that I'm not going to live with you. O no dear you wouldn't like it any more than I would." "But I know Nelson will want you here" said Matilda. "Because people will think it funny if I take a house?" said Mrs. Lanyard. "Because they'll think you don't want me? Well they'll be right. No no I'll take a separate house and then we can do our fighting at long range. There'll be fewer casualties. And I want you to help me look for a house this afternoon." Matilda said "All right but the Starks and Uncle John are coming to dinner so we'll have to be back early."

So after lunch they rolled through the suburbs in the battleship and

She wrenched her wrist free but he caught it again. "Make him stop, Paul!" she screamed.

A chucklesome tale of woman's wiles and a successful sucker

when they got home a few hours later Mrs. Lanyard had a house. She usually came home with what she had gone out after.

So by and by Mr. Ames got home from the bank. He had a great deal of charm which he had picked up somewhere or perhaps he had inherited it from his mother and could be very pleasing when among those who genuflected to the same formulae. He went over best with middle-aged women for girls were impatient with him and old women saw through him. The trouble with him mostly was his terribly correct stiffness. He was really scared stiff —scared of what people might say. He was very glad to see his mother and said nothing about how much her decision to take a house pained him.

So by and by the dinner guests came. There was Lina Stark who was Matilda's cousin and her husband of whom the least said the most clearly described. And there was Mr. Atwater whom you have met. Everything went all right until Mrs. Lanyard asked for a second cocktail. In conservative Sydenham cocktails are a concession to social usage. One is felt to be correct. But two—after all thought Mr. Ames a dinner party is not a drinking bout! But he had to go mix one for her.

Well things went on like that. Mrs. Lanyard seemed to have set out to panic Mr. Ames' prejudices. After dinner a bridge table was brought and they cut for partners. It was the Starks against Mr. Ames and his mother. "What are we playing for?" asked Mrs. Lanyard. "We never play for money mother" said Mr. Ames. "Anyway I don't approve of gambling." "O really?" said Mrs. Lanyard. "But isn't the banking business really gambling? I mean isn't it always risking money and counting on your luck and skill to win?" "It's not the same thing at all" said Mr. Ames. "Mr. Atwater can tell you that bankers do not take chances." "How very unsporting of them" said Mrs. Lanyard. "Always betting on a sure thing." And Mr. Ames was so disturbed by this line of argument that he overbid the first hand and went down three. "I can see why you don't like to gamble Nelson" said Mrs. Lanyard.

The cut for the next rubber left Mr. Ames and his mother out and he took her to one side. "Really mother" he said "you're making things very difficult. Can't you see that you're antagonizing Mr. Atwater?" "Nonsense" said Mrs. Lanyard. She looked at him steadily a minute and said "You had a lot of sense as a child. I didn't think you'd grow up to be a prig." "I'm not a prig" said Mr. Ames "but you don't understand Sydenham mother. You can't just— Good Lord what Mr. Atwater must think!" "I know exactly what he thinks" said Mrs. Lanyard "and if you cared a little less what he and other people think— Why my poor boy do you think it pleases him to be held more strictly to his own standards than he ever held himself? It's he that has to please you. And you in turn are trying to please Mrs. Grundy."

When he said good night Mr. Atwater said he'd had a good time but you could see that Mr. Ames didn't believe him.

Well as soon as she got into her

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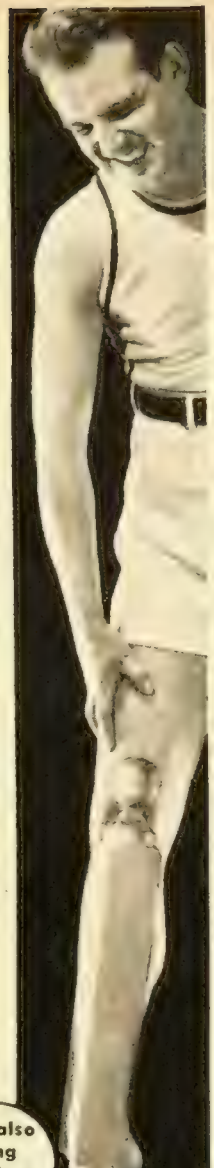

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house Mrs. Lanyard began to entertain, and after the first shock of having a second cocktail and even a third before dinner the elite of Sydenham began reluctantly to have a good time at her parties.

Well one evening Mrs. Lanyard gave a large dinner party but Mr. Ames was kept at the bank and didn't get there until after the soup. He slid into a seat between old Mrs. Calvin Colby and a dark girl he didn't know. She looked bored and had practically nothing on above the table. Mr. Ames glanced at her and slightly emphasized the pained look which he always wore at these parties. Then he saw Matilda across the table and the pained look became a wince. For Matilda was laughing too hard.

"I suppose you're Nelson" said the dark girl next to him. Her eyes were round and candid and she didn't look bored any more. But Mr. Ames said shortly "Yes" and went on with his dinner. "I thought you were" said the girl "because of the way Mrs. Ames looked at you when you—well you did signal to her just now didn't you?" "Signal?" said Mr. Ames. "Well yes I suppose in a way." "The look she gave you—well I mean I knew she must be your wife" said the girl.

"I suppose you're very much in love with her?" said the girl looking more wide-eyed than ever. "Why—er—naturally" said Mr. Ames feeling ridiculous. The girl laid her hand on his arm. "I wish you'd help me" she said appealingly. "This society—I mean it's all Greek to me. I don't know any of these people. Won't you tell me something about them?" So Mr. Ames sighed and did.

When they left the table there was some confusion and although she showed a tendency to cling Mr. Ames managed to lose her. He cornered Mrs. Lanyard in the hall. "Mother" he said "why did you put me next that awful little creature? You could at least have got her a bathrobe."

YOU mean Sidonie?" said Mrs. Lanyard. "You needn't have worried about her dress. She keeps it up by will power I think and she's got plenty of that." "But who is she?" said Mr. Ames. "O" said his mother "I forgot you hadn't met her. She's staying with me. She's old Souvarine's niece — Prince Tchetchensky's sister. Look out for her Nelson. She's not very tame."

Well Mr. Ames had led a sheltered life and had never met a real princess before so he went to look for her. He found her at last alone in a secluded corner of the garden lying back in a long wicker chair. "I thought you'd look for me" she said. "I thought you liked me. Don't you? I like you." "Why yes" said Mr. Ames sitting down on the grass beside her. "Shouldn't I get you a coat or something?" "O I'm quite warm" said the princess. "Feel." And she took his hand and put it on her shoulder. "O" said Mr. Ames. "Yes." He withdrew the hand quickly. "By the way" he said "how should I address you? I've never known any princesses before." "You mean 'Your Highness' or something?" she said. "My friends just call me Sid. And I do hope we're going to be friends." Mr. Ames said he did too.

"Listen" said the princess. "Let's not bother with the unimportant things then. Friendship goes deeper than that. So let's talk about the real you and the real me. Shall we?" Somehow or other Mr. Ames found that he was holding her hand. It gave him courage to say that he would like to. "Then you begin" said the princess happily. "Tell me about the real you."

WELL Mr. Ames tried to concentrate on the real him but the only intimate item he could think of was that onions gave him heartburn and this was scarcely deep calling unto deep that the princess wished to elicit. He said "Well I—" and stopped. "O it isn't fair of me to ask you like that" she said. "Only I do feel that we're sort of in accord don't you? And—I'm pretty lonely you know" she said dropping her voice to a whisper. "I'm sorry" said Mr. Ames. "I knew you'd understand" said the princess. "O I do think we're going to be friends. Such good friends aren't we Nelson?" And she sat up and put her hands on his shoulders and looked into his eyes. And kissed him.

After that things got real deep. For I'm sorry to say that Mr. Ames kissed her back. I guess he rather forgot about Matilda.

Well after that evening the friendship just sort of burgeoned. Nearly every afternoon Mr. Ames dropped in at his mother's for a cocktail before going home to dinner and of course there was Sidonie and he couldn't just turn his back on her could he? And when a little later Matilda went down to Saybrook to visit Carol Handley for a week he was able really to do the proper thing and take Sidonie around some. Matilda told him she thought it would be the thing for him to do and so he did.

So one evening after dinner they were sitting in Mrs. Lanyard's garden and Sidonie had been quieter than usual except for sighing a great deal and so Mr. Ames said "You seem unhappy Sid. Are you worried about something?" So Sidonie brightened up quickly and said "Worried? Why of course not Nelson." And then as Mr. Ames didn't say anything she sighed and as he still didn't say anything she said "I mustn't bother you with my little troubles." "Nonsense" said Mr. Ames heartily. "We're friends aren't we? I don't want to be just a fair weather friend." "Why neither do I" said Sidonie. "But you have troubles too Nelson that you don't talk about to me. O I know of course that's different" she said "because it involves some one else and you

couldn't very well—" "What on earth are you talking about?" said Mr. Ames. "Well" said Sidonie "I'm not blind and O dear I'm not much of a friend or I could help you and Matilda to get together again." "What?" said Mr. Ames. "O see here Sid you're way off. Let's go back to what's bothering you."

So they did and after a little urging Sidonie told him. It was imperial jewels. Incrusted icons and emerald tiaras and all the customary baggage of Russian royalty. Grand dukes had evidently packed Sidonie in jewels when she was shipped out of Russia. But on arrival in America the jewels had been stolen and only recently had her brother located them. The White Russians had begged and borrowed but they still lacked two thousand dollars of the sum demanded. And if they couldn't raise it at once the offer would be withdrawn. "H'm" said Mr. Ames. "Well why not just let 'em go?" "But you don't understand!" said Sidonie. "They're worth triple the amount asked. And we can sell them quite openly. But if I can't redeem my share—" She looked at him helplessly.

Well Mr. Ames looked helplessly back. "If I had two thousand—" he said. "I suppose you couldn't get it?" said Sidonie and pushed a tear back into her left eye with a pathetically small handkerchief. "You see it would only be for a few days—until we could sell something." Mr. Ames rubbed his head and said "H'm."

"Of course I'll give you my note for it" Sidonie said. "I wouldn't want us to be anything but very businesslike." "How soon must you have it?" said Mr. Ames and she said "Day after tomorrow."

"Well I don't know" said Mr. Ames. "I couldn't borrow it in the usual way because I wouldn't want Mr. Atwater to know. He'd think me very foolish to lend money on your unsecured note. O I don't mean I'm afraid of your not paying it. It's just bad banking practice." Sidonie said of course she understood and perhaps they'd better just forget the whole thing. She was very brave about it. "Look Sidonie" said Mr. Ames "just what do you want this money for?"

SIDONIE looked at him and wrinkled up her nose and said "O Nelson don't you believe me?" "Yes and no" said Mr. Ames. "O dear" said Sidonie "and I tried to make it so romantic. But you would have lent me the money wouldn't you?" "I suppose I might have" he admitted. "Because you see" Sidonie went on "I do really need five hundred dollars. Only the truth is so terribly prosaic. They're just my own family jewels—the few best pieces that I didn't want to sell outright. So I pawned them. But now if I can get them back and sell them—O Nelson" she said "can't you possibly raise five hundred?"

Well Mr. Ames was so relieved at this seventy-five-per-cent reduction that he said yes almost at once. But even five hundred dollars was not too easy. Fortunately he and Matilda had nearly five hundred dollars in their vacation fund which they would be using next month. So next morning he drew it out and gave it to Sidonie and she went off to New York.

In two days she was back. She called up Mr. Ames as soon as she got in. "O Nelson" she said "the most awful thing has happened! Can I see you right away? Your mother has people here for tea now but if we could go for a drive—" Mr. Ames said his car was in the garage for repairs. "Then I'll come over to your house" said Sidonie. "Is that very wise?" said Mr. Ames. "O don't quibble!" said Sidonie. "This is terribly important." So Mr. Ames said doubtfully "All right."

Sidonie was waiting when he got there and her tale was indeed a distressing one. She had redeemed her jewels all right but somewhere between the pawnbroker's and her brother's apartment her handbag had come open and they had either fallen out or been stolen.

She wept a good deal and Mr. Ames after the first shock said bravely that it didn't matter. "But it does" sobbed Sidonie. "I don't mean for me either. I mean your losing all that money." "It won't ruin me," said Mr. Ames. "Anyway you will probably get the things back." "But what will Matilda say?" said Sidonie. "She will say plenty" said Mr. Ames.

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Matilda said even more than he thought she would. She hadn't been in the house half an hour the night she came home before she found the handkerchief that Sidonie had wept into. "Your little princess ought not to be out with a cold like that" she said picking it up in two fingers and dropping it in the fireplace. "Cold?" said Mr. Ames. "It's still damp" said Matilda. "See here Nelson. I don't know that I'd specially mind your having her here—if you were a different kind of person. An unconventional person. But when you have two rules of conduct—one for ordinary use and one for use with Sid when I am away—"

SHE hasn't a cold," interrupted Mr. Ames. "She was in trouble. She cried." "Then I bet the shoulder of your coat is damp," said Matilda and Mr. Ames incautiously put up a hand to feel. "She's not the kind of girl who could just cry sort of in the air—she'd have to have a male shoulder. However" Matilda went on "she's not what I object to—it's you. You and your set of conventions. They've always been silly but I didn't mind so much as long as I thought you really believed in them. But you're just a hypocrite Nelson!" And she gathered up the letters that had come while she was away and left the room.

Well Mr. Ames put on his hat and went over to his mother's. There was a party of some kind going on and he went in the back way and asked Nellie to send Mrs. Lanyard into the dining room. "Mother" he said when she came "I'm going to ask you to lend me five hundred dollars right away. Please don't ask me to explain. I can't without disclosing confidential matters that—" "Confidential fiddlesticks" said Mrs. Lanyard. "Who is it—Sidonie?" "Well" said Mr. Ames "yes." "I thought so" said his mother. "Well I warned you Nelson. I thought she might involve you in something salutary when I asked her up here. But I admit I thought she'd draw the line at blackmail!" "O it isn't that" said Mr. Ames. "Perhaps I'd better tell you." And he did.

When he had finished Mrs. Lanyard looked at him a minute and then she shook her head. "Really Nelson!" she said. "You have a shake-down resistance of minus two. The Tchetchensky jewels! My dear boy a hundred dollars would replace all the jewelry Sidonie owns. However as I'm responsible—I told her you were very well off. I thought—well never mind what I thought. I'll give you the five hundred. Though I would prefer to see you get it back from her. For she certainly has it still—at least most of it."

Mr. Ames shook his head sadly. "Why would she give it back to me?" he said. "If—if she has it—as you say—" "She has it" said Mrs. Lanyard emphatically "and if you get it you will have to get it tonight because she is leaving on the midnight train. And I'll tell you something else Nelson. When she came she didn't have enough money in her purse to pay the cabman. She borrowed the fare from me and later took a bill out of her stocking to pay me. She told me then she always carried her money that way. If you want your money there's where it is. Shall I send her out to you?"

But before Mr. Ames could make up his mind the door opened and Matilda came in. "O there you are" she said coldly. "I thought I'd find you here. Look here Nelson. I started to write up my accounts and I found you'd drawn out our vacation money. Would you mind explaining why?" "It was a loan to me" put in Mrs. Lanyard quickly. But Mr. Ames said "No mother. I'm not going to lie about it. Sit down Tilda and I'll tell you. I guess I've been played for a sucker!" Mrs. Lanyard smiled faintly at Matilda. "I'll get Sidonie" she said and went out.

Well I guess we can sort of draw a veil over Mr. Ames' writhings as he told his story to Matilda. He could have felt noble if he had been a confessed sinner but a confessed sucker just looks silly. Matilda surprised him though. She came over and kissed him and she was going to say something when his mother came back. "Sidonie won't come out" she said. "You'll have to go and get her."

So he went into the other room. Sidonie was in a group which was trying to play an accordion. They were making a terrible racket. Mr. Atwater was one of the group but when he caught sight of Mr. Ames he put his hands behind his back and began to examine the wallpaper. Mr. Ames went over and asked Sidonie to come in the dining room a minute.

WHY Nelson" she said "what an odd request!" and she turned to Mr. Stark and said "Isn't Nelson awful Paul! He wants me to go into the dark dark dining room with him." Mr. Stark laughed heartily.

Well Mr. Ames tried for a few minutes longer until it was perfectly evident that Sidonie had no intention of going anywhere with him where she wasn't surrounded by a crowd and he went back to Mrs. Lanyard. "She won't come mother" he said. "Well" said Mrs. Lanyard "I didn't suppose she would. She knows what you want." "Well what do you expect me to do?" said Mr. Ames desperately. "Drag her out by the hair? Your guest! In your house!" "We thought it would be nice—Matilda and I" said Mrs. Lanyard. "But of course as I promised I'll give you the five hundred if you still object to making a scene."

Well Mr. Ames looked at his mother and then he looked at Matilda. They didn't seem anxious to be helpful. He sat down and put his chin on his hand. Mrs. Grundy loomed—portentous and sinister. And behind her a hundred pointing fingers. Did you hear about Nelson Ames? My dear! The most awful thing. Slapped a

girl's face at a party! Said she owed him money—of all things!

Then suddenly Mr. Ames got up and turning his back on Mrs. Grundy marched straight over to Sidonie. "Come on Sid" he said. "I want to talk to you" and he grabbed her wrist. "Nelson!" she said sharply. "Stop it! I don't *want* to go!" She wrenched her wrist free but he caught it again and pushed her toward the door. Every one stopped talking. Sidonie began to cry. "Make him stop, Paul!" she screamed.

Mr. Stark laid a hand on Mr. Ames' arm. "Let her go Nelson" he said. "You'd better keep out of this Paul" said Mr. Ames. "It's none of your business." "I'm afraid it is my business" said Mr. Stark getting red and he seized Mr. Ames and tried to break his grip on Sidonie. "O well" said Mr. Ames. He let Sidonie go and putting a hand under Mr. Stark's chin broke his hold and sent him staggering under the piano. And Mr. Ames dashed out of the room after Sidonie who had escaped and could be heard running upstairs.

THE door closed behind him but opened again immediately, and his head came in. "Which stocking mother?" he asked. "The left one I think dear" said Mrs. Lanyard composedly and closing the door herself stood in front of it. She smiled at Matilda and Matilda smiled back. Nobody said anything.

There was a good deal of thumping upstairs. Then silence. And presently the door opened and Mr. Ames came in. He had an odd look of confidence on his face nobody had ever seen before. He went over to the piano but as he passed Mrs. Lanyard he murmured "Both stockings mother. The right leg was Paul's."

Mr. Stark had just put his head out but drew it back quickly. "I'm sorry Paul" said Mr. Ames "but maybe this will make you feel better." And he took something out of his pocket and held it under the piano. "My five hundred!" exclaimed Mr. Stark. "But—" "I've been banking in the same institution" said Mr. Ames quickly. "When I found it was shaky—well I drew yours out too."

Mr. Ames looked around at the others rather uncertainly. But he saw no disapproval—only astonishment and possibly—good Lord was it admiration? He squared his shoulders and grinned at them—a little doubtfully. Then he went over and sat down by Matilda and his mother. "Sid won't be down again" he said quietly. "Are you going to have anything to eat mother? I'm awfully hungry." Nothing further was said about Sidonie. The party went on.

Later Mr. Atwater took Mr. Ames aside. "Come into my office in the morning Nelson" he said. "You know Haines is leaving. I think we can put you in his place. Please understand" he went on quickly "that this is not nepotism. I understand how you feel about wanting to be advanced only on your own merits. That is exactly what I am doing. If you'll permit me—you handled this situation tonight most efficiently. No hesitation beforehand—no explanation afterward. You know people must like a banker or they won't do business with him. And they won't like you if you never make a fool of yourself." "I certainly made a fool of myself" said Mr. Ames. "You did" said Mr. Atwater "and you pleased everybody. Well—you're like the rest of us now."

Matilda was pleased with him too. She told him he was wonderful. She didn't say why but she had never told him he was wonderful before. I'm afraid it went to his head a little. He became for a time almost too unconventional. But when Matilda pointed out that he was only doing so because he was again thinking too much about what people were saying about him he swung back to conventionality again. He really became very adaptable.

THE END

How "Tired Pop" lost his alibi!

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READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

fashion's sun rises in the West

It's Hollywood now! The fascinating inside story of a new era in style for Mrs. and Miss America

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

THE screen is fashion's show window.

Paris dressmakers, in the golden days of their glory, used to hire good-looking girls to walk up and down during the racing season on the green lawns of Auteuil and Longchamps. Now the American dress designers model their clothes on the glorified " stem torsos " of the movie starlets, who strut the screen as models of what the American society woman, the American housewife, the American stenographer should, and will, wear.

And so neatly synchronized is cinema publicity with wholesale dress production that, when the excited feminine beholder of these innovations storms her local department store or dress shop, the chances are all in favor of her being able to pick up for twenty-five dollars or less the identical design that cost the Hollywood starlet or her studio from $250 to $500.

Against this highly organized rapid-fire Americanized system the old-fashioned fashioners of Paris, with their horse-and-buggy ways, never had a chance. The wisest of the foreign couturiers, sensing the collapse of their timeworn methods, used Hollywood as the absolutely essential liaison center, as the style conductor through which to reach their possible public. But now even these last of the Paris stylists are in eclipse.

The world of style, the whole complex business of clothing and unclothing and forever reclothing the female of the species, has gone on its American way. Fashion's sun now rises in the West.

Which is definitely a break for Mrs. and Miss America. For in Paris, where designers knew little and cared less for the clothes needs of the average American woman, fashions were created for fashion's sake. In Hollywood, where actresses are appearing in films attuned to the average American taste and, even off the screen, are doing the things which the average American woman does or would like to do, fashions are created to fit the requirements of the American way of life.

That this accession to the fashion heights was a conscious achievement by the picture industry is to be doubted. The appearance of a smartly styled picture like, say, The Women in thousands of motion-picture theaters at approximately the same time was bound to influence markedly the clothes taste of American women during the months following its release; and the men and women whose business it is to satisfy those clothes tastes were bound sooner or later to see the commercial advantage of preparedness to meet such a demand when it came.

Sometimes a picture will give impetus to only one style feature—as, for instance, the vogue set by the plaids Ida Lupino wore in The Light that Failed and the full skirts of Bette Davis' Good Queen Bess in Elizabeth and Essex. Some vogues that originated in Hollywood—for instance, the habit of wearing babylike angora sweaters as boleros for evening wear—just happened. The darned things appeared upon Hollywood dance floors, and before suffering males all over the country knew what was happening to them, their encircling arms and expanding chests were covered with a snowfall of unshakable lint. More often, however, a Hollywood style, which is to become the American style, is the work of one or more of the smartest and most highly paid group of technicians in the cinema capital.

Most publicized of the Hollywood designers are those working exclusively for the various studios: Adrian at M-G-M, Orry-Kelly at Warners, Royer at Twentieth Century-Fox, Edith Head at Paramount, Edward Stevenson at RKO, and Walter Plunkett, who designed for Selznick the costumes of Gone with the Wind.

Many of these highly paid individuals have been lured from their own private businesses. Others, like Howard Greer and Travis Banton, who preceded Miss Head at Paramount, capitalize on their studio-earned reputations to open their own ateliers.

The great Los Angeles stores, realizing the unique opportunities which lie almost at their doors, have reached out into all the other style centers of the world for experts qualified to create hats and frocks suitable alike for cinema use and general sale.

Today the names of Willard George and Howard Shoup appear on America's smartest designs with the same authority that the names of Lanvin and Vionnet used to appear on chic clothes designed in France. And Bernie Newman, Beverly Hills' sartorial gift to womankind, counts on his list of customers Mrs. Harrison Williams, considered by many the world's best dressed woman, Miss Hattie Carnegie, herself a front-rank designer, Ina Claire, and a dozen other world-famous fashion leaders.

Hollywood's influence in other respects than clothes on the appearance of American women and girls has long been inescapable. Irene Castle's bob changed the nation's hair-do. Within a year after Mrs. Castle's appearance in the interminable serial, Patria, there were 14,000,000 bobbed heads in the United States.

Thus standardized, hair-dos found only two ways to go to achieve originality. One was toward color or away from it, as illustrated respectively by a brunette Joan Bennett and a platinum blonde Jean Harlow; the other was toward strange and wonderful shapes, exemplified at the moment by Joan Crawford's baby bob. So, by devising new hues and forms, Hollywood tonsorialists—like the brothers Westmore, Hazel Rogers, Guilaroff, and Jane Romeyn—have influenced the appearance of the average female American quite as much as their brothers and sisters of the needle and thread.

Incidentally, in switching from Paris to Hollywood standards in all these matters, the American woman has clipped about ten years off her age—or hopes she has.

The French couturiers aimed chiefly at the wives of well-to-do men, and since most men do not get to be sufficiently well-to-do to pay the bills of fashionable dressmakers until their wives are well on the mature side, Paris clothes were on the mature side also. The average

PHOTOGRAPH FOR LIBERTY BY JOHN SCOTT

Hollywood hairdresser, make-up man, dress designer—they all influence the appearance of American women.

age at which the Hollywood designer aimed was that of the twenty-year-old Hollywood starlet, who must have a figure—due to the fact that the camera always photographs "fat"—which is at least ten pounds less than normal for a girl of her age.

Here indeed was a situation to try women's souls, even Hollywood women's.

Fashion designers did their best to help—and with considerable success. The short skirt popularized by Clara Bow was an obvious step, and when the woman underneath it retained some slight resemblance to her original design the effect was undeniably youthfulizing. Then came the corsetless waistline. And finally the waistlineless costume. The natural figure emerged. And the natural figure, long the exclusive property of children, was inferentially youthful.

But the modern woman soon discovered that to look thin she must *be* thin. And in this slenderizing process motion-picture actresses naturally took the lead. They had to, if they wished to continue being motion-picture actresses!

Now the art of slenderizing has been brought to new heights by experts all over the country, but the Hollywood influence is still as dominant in carrying on the movement as it was in initiating it. Streamlining Your Figure, by Sylvia of Hollywood, has undoubtedly sold many more copies than Gone with the Wind, and the miracles wrought by studio health experts like Jim Davies of Paramount, Lewis Hippe of Warners, and Sammy Waxman of RKO are featured, and their methods explained, almost monthly by the leading motion-picture magazines.

Nationally known beauty specialists maintain elaborate Hollywood reducing parlors. Terry Hunt, currently Hollywood's top health specialist, is reported to owe his clientele of more than seven hundred and fifty top-line stars, producers, directors, and executives to his ability to keep "their hips slim, their stomachs flat, their waists supple, and their chins single." And thousands of similar institutions throughout the country, taking their cue from Hollywood, are carrying on the fight to keep our women thin.

And what, after a decade of struggle, is the result?

Obviously, a good deal of ridiculousness: old faces on young-looking bodies; wide hips in narrow skirts; synthetic youth; an age of agelessness. Nobody old, nobody young, confusion, chaos.

And progress?

I think there has been that, too.

One day, before the struggle began, I chanced to be waiting for a luncheon guest in the lobby of the Biltmore in New York City. Several women were likewise waiting for guests or hosts. They sat on cushioned seats against the wall. Each pair of feet was planted firmly on the ground, each skirt reached circumspectly to the ankles.

This last summer, I again waited in the same lobby. Another line of respectable matrons sat on the cushioned seats. But—well, there were differences in the way they sat! And there were differences in the way they looked; about fifteen years' difference to every fifteen inches of stocking. Formality makes people old. Release from formality makes them young. These women of the waving ankles and flashing knees were *not* formal—and they were not old. They were gaily, saucily, undeniably young.

That, it seems to me, is progress. And one thing is certain: That progress is due, directly or indirectly, to Hollywood's having replaced Paris as the fashion center of the world!

THE END

Lightning in the night

Now a frightened girl shares an amazing exploit, as a startling novel sweeps on

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

By the end of August, 1945, not only had Hitler's forces bombed New York City and captured Washington but forty divisions had been landed to fight their way inland.

Peggy O'Liam and Captain Fleming of Naval Intelligence were prisoners on Assateague Island. They faced a so-called trial, certain to be followed by death within twenty-four hours—but Admiral O'Shane assigned Doug Norton to a forlorn-hope attempt to rescue them, and sent him by plane to the submarine X36. Her commander was Lieutenant Wiegand, American born of German parentage. Wiegand's chief gunner was Jake Goldstein, his friend from childhood. These two were a tough "firm" for Nazis to deal with. In their first day out with Norton aboard they sank six Nazi ships.

After midnight the X36 ran in close to the island, and Norton and Jake went ashore on a rubber raft. They dug their way under the wires around the enemy concentration camp, and while Jake silenced a sentry Norton reached the tents and roused Peggy and Fleming. But when the raft got back out on the water the X36 wasn't there. The four Americans heard Nazi sirens, saw men with lanterns, heard a rowboat being launched.

"We're not licked yet," Norton told Peggy, in his arms—but he was sure they were.

PART TEN—THE BATTLE OF CHESAPEAKE BAY

AND then, when all hope was gone, he heard a rushing noise ahead, saw the water turn white, saw a curtain of water rise and fall back from a submarine conning tower twenty feet away. A gray conning tower. The color of a German U-boat.

But it was the American X36 doing a quick "battle surface," and he shook the sobbing girl in his arms and shouted, "We've made it, Peggy! We've made it!"

Captain Wiegand was up on the bridge while the submarine's deck was still awash, and members of the crew scrambled to the deck and pulled the rubber raft alongside. Norton, Captain Fleming, and Peggy were taken aboard. Norton leaned down to give Jake a hand. Jake, treading water, shook his head.

"Get *her* below first," he said—and whispered to Norton, "I've swam out o' my pants."

While Peggy was being helped down into the control room, a sailor unlimbered a machine gun on the bridge and another broke out a searchlight that swept the waters shoreward. Jake Goldstein, in shirttails, reached the bridge in time to man the machine gun as the searchlight picked out the two boats that were now pursuing them.

With deadly accuracy, contemptuous of the fire being turned on him by the approaching boats, the big gunner poured machine-gun bullets

A STORY OF THE INVASION OF AMERICA

The Nazi squadron set up a destroyer smoke screen and, turning about, limped back.

into them. One boat, riddled, began to sink; the other bobbed on the waters, unmanned.

As the Americans climbed down the iron ladder into the control room, Jake grinned. "Who said those Heinies are tough?" he inquired.

Captain Wiegand gave Peggy O'Liam his own tiny but snug cabin, and moved his rig to a bunk in the torpedo room. They cruised under water off the Virginia Capes most of that day. Shoreward, through glasses, they could see zigzagging Nazi destroyers and low-flying reconnaissance planes.

"Tonight," Captain Wiegand told Norton, "we are going to mine the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, just north of Hampton Roads." He spoke casually, yet Norton knew the task would be ticklish. Norfolk had become a Nazi naval base, the bay a great German-controlled lake.

They approached the mouth of it about dusk. Across the mouth were lined up a score or more of tiny craft. These were "drifters"; their job, to service a submarine net, hung from a boom, that extended almost all the way across. Beyond the net lay a thickly sown mine field. Drifters, anchored, formed a great rectangle about it and guarded its outer edges by means of searchlights. Inside the rectangle Nazi patrol boats maintained armed watch, while others kept the water between the net and the mine field under constant observation.

Altogether, any American submarine attempting to enter the bay would be virtually committing suicide. Yet Captain Wiegand said quietly:

"I think we can get inside. We're painted gray. We carry no identification number, but it's possible they'll figure that we must be German—that no American craft would dare show herself here. It's worth trying. Whether we can get out again or not . . ." He shrugged. "We'll have to try that, too."

For the Nazi warships a twisting, mine-free channel was maintained along the Cape Charles shore. Lying offshore in the dusk, the Americans watched a number of Nazi destroyers and cruisers, coming in from patrol, enter the channel. Suddenly their own lookout cried:

"Sail ho, sir! She's a battlewagon!"

"Where away?"

"Dead astern, sir."

Behind them, plowing in from open sea, came a Nazi light cruiser, the Karlsruhe. They dived, sat quietly on the bottom, motors off, and listened to the whirring sound of her screws as she passed over them. Then they surfaced and fell in line behind her.

They followed her through the narrow channel between shore and the submarine net, then slowed down as they approached the edge of the mine field. She had reached that spot in the channel where two Nazi cruisers guarded it. As she came up to pass between the two, her blinker flashed recognition signals to them. Norton heard Wiegand read the signals off to a member of his crew, who wrote them down. A fine drizzle had set in, and those on the bridge of the X36 were clothed in dark oilskins.

BY FRED ALLHOFF

with the advice and counsel of Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, George E. Sokolsky, and many others

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Following in the wake of the Karlsruhe, Captain Wiegand flashed the stolen recognition signals. The men aboard the cruisers shouted greetings, acknowledged the signals, and did not bother to sweep this submarine's decks with a searchlight.

"We've made it!" Norton gasped.

Captain Wiegand consulted his watch. "We have fifteen minutes," he said. "Then the attack begins."

They located the new and mighty ships of Germany's First Battle Division riding at anchor, and Wiegand lined up his submarine so that her torpedo tubes were trained directly amidships on the 40,000-ton Adolf Hitler, pride of the Nazi navy.

Exactly fifteen minutes later shore sirens screamed and searchlights sent up their shafts of light through low-hanging murky overcast. From above it, American bombers dropped screaming down in surprise attack. Brilliant flares lighted up that section of the bay, and Norton for the first time saw America's bombsight, finest in the world, begin to take its toll.

BREAKING through the overcast, the bombers dropped their H. E. eggs and thermite incendiaries. Hits were scored on the aircraft carrier Admiral Hipper, which was set ablaze, and upon the cruiser Leipzig. Norton watched incredulously as one bomber, side-slipping its way down to 500 feet, dropped a bomb squarely down the funnel of the battleship Scharnhorst. She blew up with a terrific roar, her insides gutted.

The attack was being made against frightful odds. Nazi antiaircraft batteries were bringing down American planes, and from near-by Langley Field Nazi squadrons were taking angrily to the air.

Meanwhile Norton heard Captain Wiegand quietly order: "Torpedo, fire!"

Bursts of compressed air from the X36 sent a salvo of "fish" at the Adolf Hitler. With a frightful roar, they struck her amidships. Norton saw a series of geysers, colored red and yellow and green, fly into the air, followed by pieces of deck work, masts, and funnel. A billow of dark smoke puffed upward and the great battleship went down.

The Germans thought the attack had been from the air and continued to rake the sky with their searchlights. Captain Wiegand brought his submarine about. He sent two torpedoes into the battleship Tirpitz. As the upheavals of water and wreckage subsided, Norton could see her list badly.

And then a searchlight from the Gneisenau swept the waters and found them. As it did so, Norton noticed with a thrill that the X36 was defiantly flying the Stars and Stripes. Wiegand ordered two more torpedoes fired. They exploded squarely against the damaged Tirpitz.

A dozen searchlights picked out the American submarine, but before guns could be trained on her she went into a crash dive. A moment later Norton heard the thud of "ash cans"—depth charges. The X36 rocked and shivered. Once the lights within her flickered and dimmed. Even broad-shouldered Jake Goldstein's face went white at that moment. Captain Wiegand, utterly impassive, was issuing orders. Their last possible chance was a ruse.

From the X36, lying quietly now on the bottom with motors off, were released a lot of oil and some wreckage.

"We can only hope," Wiegand said, "that they'll see that and decide they've destroyed us. We'll know in a minute."

Another depth charge shook their craft. Then another. And then there were no more.

"We've fooled 'em!" Jake exulted.

"Yes," said Wiegand, smiling. "And all we need do now is find a way to get out of here."

All that night of September 5, 1945, the X36 lay on the bottom listening to the throbbing screws of enemy destroyers. A period of quiet came at dawn. Meanwhile Norton kept chatting with Peggy, trying to divert her mind from the horrors she had been through and the present tension. She seemed physically rested—but when she spoke at all, it was in a voice that was dull and listless. He realized that the past week had left her literally bereft of the capacity for emotion.

Once, in a tone that indicated merely that she wished to keep the conversation alive, she asked:

"Do you think Captain Wiegand will get us out of here?"

"I don't know how he expects to," he told her frankly. "But if any man can wangle it, he's the man."

Peggy smiled. "And if he can't," she said, "it will have been worth it. This night must have dealt Nazi pride a blow. And it will hearten our people." She hesitated. "Doug, if things go wrong, I hope you'll be able to come and be with me for—well, for the last moment. It will make it quite easy."

"I'll be with you," he promised.

THEY heard and felt the X36's pumps go on. They saw the needle of the depth gauge begin to move counterclockwise from 250 feet toward 200. They were rising to the surface. Norton went out into the control room. Even when the periscope had broken water, Captain Wiegand found it difficult to ascertain that fact except by instrument readings.

He was puzzled for a moment, then jubilant.

"Luck seems to be with us," he said. "Chesapeake Bay has, on an average, only one day of dense fog during September. And this seems to be that day."

It was. When they had crawled up to the bridge, they found themselves in a pea-soup fog. As they lay there on the surface, the huge silhouette of a Nazi armored ship bore down on

them. Captain Wiegand issued a quick order, and the X36 gave a series of sharp indignant blasts of her siren. The Nazi ship politely changed course.

Down the narrow winding channel they proceeded through the fog, blasting boldly and continually with their siren. And, as they headed toward open sea, the crew, working frantically, shoved the mines they carried off launching tracks near the stern.

Only once did they submerge. That was when they passed between the two Nazi cruisers guarding the channel. And now that channel, behind them, was no longer clear. They had anchored mines in it. They were safely in open sea when they heard the distant boom of an explosion. Later they were to learn that the Nazi cruiser Friedrich Eckoldt had struck one of their mines, which had rolled her bottom side up.

The daring attack upon the ships of the Nazi navy, the penetration of its seemingly impenetrable defenses, proved, as Peggy had predicted, a bitter blow to German pride. The Nazi radio station at Norfolk screamed its indignation at this "cowardly assault without warning" and promised "black reprisals."

As for American pride, the crew of the X36, still cruising "somewhere at sea," became national heroes.

Meanwhile Wiegand and his crew continued to harass German shipping in the Atlantic. Though he had only six torpedoes left, he raided shipping lanes. He halted Nazi stragglers from convoys with shots across their bows. Then his crew boarded them and sank them, using time bombs.

IN reprisal, the Nazis burned the White House to the ground; threatened to destroy every government building in the nation's former capital.

In attempted reprisal, too, a Nazi squadron sailed out of Chesapeake Bay to seek out and destroy the American Atlantic Squadron, which, upon the capture of the Panama Canal, had been forced to hide out in the waters south of Cape Hatteras and await the arrival of Admiral Sterrett with the fleet.

On the morning of September 10, 1945, the German squadron, consisting of eleven battleships, fifteen cruisers, fifty-five destroyers, four aircraft carriers, and train, found the Atlantic Squadron of nine battleships, twelve cruisers, forty destroyers, and five aircraft carriers, seventy miles off the Georgia coast.

In a raging sea battle that lasted all day, the Germans had the advantages of numerical superiority and greater speed. Against these the Atlantic Squadron pitted superior gunnery and fire power—plus decided superiority in the air. For it had picked its own scene of battle, and shore-based planes flew out from Charleston, Jacksonville, Miami, Key West, Atlanta, Pensacola, and New Orleans to help.

By nightfall the United States had lost three battleships, the Arkansas, New York, and Massachusetts; but the Nazi squadron, six of its mighty battleships sunk, set up a destroyer smoke screen and, turning about, limped back to base at Norfolk.

This victory, on the heels of the battle of Chesapeake Bay, put new heart into the American people. Within a week Nazi Germany's entire force of first-line battleships had been reduced from twenty-two to thirteen. Those thirteen, however, were enough to give her more than two to one against the six first-line American battleships left in the Atlantic and, for the time being, to make any all-out attempt to sever Nazi sea lines of communications hazardous.

While Adolf Hitler's navy had suffered a tremendous setback, his military machine on land and in the air was rolling steadily westward and northward. Retreating American forces were blasting highways and railroads. Great numbers of commercial trucks and private automobiles were commandeered by the government to move the machinery of coastal industrial plants inland. What could not be removed was demolished.

Aboard the X36 Norton and Peggy and Captain Wiegand had listened to radio reports of the naval battle.

"If only Uncle Burt could get the fleet up here now," Peggy said, "we might cut them off from Europe and get the better of them."

"I'm not so sure," Captain Wiegand said, "that even cutting them off would turn the trick. I have an idea that Hitler is counting heavily upon one of two things. Either he hopes, in the thirty days or so before Admiral Sterrett can get the fleet up here, to swallow so much of our industrial triangle in the East that our own life lines will be cut and we'll surrender—or he hopes to roll his armies so deeply into our coal and farm and cattle regions that, even if his armies are cut off from Europe by sea, they'll be self-sustaining."

Norton nodded. "That's possible. And he can always bring reinforcements over by air. And if his armies do get enough of a foothold to sustain themselves indefinitely, this is going to be the bloodiest and most prolonged war in the history of man. For if Hitler thinks he can win without completely annihilating 140,000,000 people, then he's mad. There'll be Americans fighting his troops for

the last strip of sand in our western deserts. We're made that way. He'd have to lick every last one of us."

"Just the same," insisted Peggy, "I'd feel better about it all if only Uncle Burt and the fleet were here."

Mild-mannered, pipe-smoking Admiral Burton Sterrett, commander in chief of the United States fleet, was—even as the girl spoke—draining his own cup of bitterness. While a whole country prayed for his safe and speedy journey around the Horn, he was spending sleepless nights aboard his flagship Virginia.

After leaving Pearl Harbor on August 9, he had made rendezvous in the Pacific with the California- and Balboa-based battleships Maine, Missouri, New Jersey, Ohio, Utah, Montana, Wyoming, and Iowa.

All the way down the Pacific coast of South America he had been harassed by lurking Japanese and Russian submarines. And it was his train — his oil tankers — that they struck at. To make the long journey his fleet needed, roughly, 20,000 tons of oil a day. In his train he carried more than a million tons.

He was on the bridge one night when suddenly, from far back in the train, there came the muffled boom of an explosion. Great sheets of yellow flame leaped skyward. And he took his pipe out of his mouth and swore softly. That flame represented a single tanker—and the 10,000 tons of oil that would fuel three battleships.

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After that, five of the submarines were sunk by his aerial patrol before they got another of his tankers. And then, one night, another explosion, another leaping flame—another 10,000 tons of precious oil.

Night after night he paced his armored conning tower, worried and mildly profane. He tried new destroyer formations, increased aerial patrols. He drove his men hard and himself harder. But still the attacks persisted. Despite all his efforts, a third tanker went up in flames.

By the time he was off the coast of Chile it seemed certain that he must part with a number of units of his fleet. He could leave them in some Chilean port—where they would be interned for the duration of the war. Or he could face the ugly possibility that he might have to leave them in a hostile Brazilian port. Or he could risk seeing them turn into derelicts as his supply of oil gave out.

He decided he'd figure out just how this nut should be cracked after he'd got his fleet through the Strait of Magellan.

Going through the Strait, "South of Fifty," was in itself enough of a nut to crack. It was September when the Old Man got there. But September, there, was spring. His fleet entered the Pacific end of the Strait, and soon were in a blinding rain accompanied by a lashing *pampero*, a sixty-mile gale of cold air sweeping down from the Andes. Into the blinding mist and gale-lashed water, between the narrow channel's rocky shoulders, he led his mighty ships. The men exposed on deck shivered in the icy wind, for they had come only recently from Hawaii. The giant 40,000-ton Virginia steamed along majestically. The unleashed gale, driving down at times almost vertically on her decks, gave the helmsman much concern as she yawed from time to time in the swift current.

The Old Man cursed his luck. He had been through the Strait before, but never in weather as filthy as this. It was difficult enough by day, and the short hours of spring made it necessary to steam also at night. He slowed the speed of his ships to ten knots and kept his fingers crossed.

All day and all night the wind whipped out of the north and west, mostly at their tails. The choppy seas, hurtling against the bows, threw spray on turrets and bridges over seventy feet in the air. In all ships every man was on watch, gazing into every cave and indentation that might harbor a submarine.

It was no time for anything further to go wrong.

Yet something did.

The Virginia was nearing the Atlantic end of the Strait when the Old Man himself saw a group of bombing planes nosing into the stiff gale and heading directly toward him.

He knew, without being told, where they came from—a base on the once British Falkland Islands.

And he did not have to see the black crosses on their wings to know whose they were.

He thought of his tankers, straggling along far behind him. And he thought of his pilots—the brave lads on his fifteen aircraft carriers who had been flying night and day patrols for endless hours without a whimper. And he thought: How in hell can we get a single plane off a flight deck smashed by spray into a sixty-mile following wind?

He knew of no answer to that question. As a sheet of spray hissed up at him, he shook a quivering, impotent fist at those oncoming bombers. And then he swore at himself and issued orders—issued them with his customary terseness, seeming calmness, and speed.

And down below men shook their heads and said:

"They've got us trapped. They'll bomb every tanker we've got. And the Old Man's up there calm as a kitten in a shoebox. Do you suppose anything ever will ruffle his fur?"

Was the situation as desperate as it seemed? Could those carriers get planes aloft in time? How were America's defenders on land holding out? Where was Adolf Hitler himself? Was he coming to set foot on American soil? And . . . where were the X36 and Doug and his Peggy? Don't miss Lightning in the Night next week!

Fu Manchu

is coming

!

SAX ROHMER'S

inscrutable, awe-inspiring Chinese man of mystery will be waiting for you soon in

Liberty

Don't miss him!

Liberty's Patriotic
UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION
Quiz Contest

THIS is the eighth week of the Constitution Quiz. Seven sets of questions have been presented prior to this one. Five more will follow. You can get into the competition with an excellent opportunity to win one of the major awards, if you act promptly. Late entry need not handicap you at this point of the game, for you still have ample time to go back and make up the ground delay has cost you. From now on you can keep your entry even with the field by answering the questions as they appear each week. So, if you have not started an entry yet, do it now. Read the Rules again in the event that you have not studied them in recent weeks. Then clip and answer the five questions in Quiz No. 8. You will note that no answers are to be submitted until the end of the game. Therefore, when you are satisfied with your answers place them in a safe place pending the time when your complete set of answers is prepared.

Have you a personal copy of the Constitution? It will make your reference work in this contest much simpler than referring to a book for the material each time you want to look up a point. Liberty has prepared reprints of the Constitution for the assistance of those contestants who desire them. While the supply lasts they are available upon written application to the address in Rule 8 if you enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Why not send for your copy now?

UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION QUIZ No. 8

1. Article 3 of the Constitution deals with what broad subject?
2. Representatives from how many states signed the Constitution?
3. What is the minimum age requirement for a United States representative?
4. Supply the missing words: "nor —— any —— ——— any person —— ———, liberty, —— ———, without —— ——— ——— law;"
5. Under the Constitution is a former slave entitled to vote?

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Reprints of any or all of the first seven sets of contest questions are available to enable late entrants to catch up with those who started from scratch. Simply enclose ten cents in stamps in your request addressed to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Reprints will be sent to you without delay and as soon as they are received you can make the most of your spare time by building your entry complete to include the current questions. Then, by answering the new set of five questions in each of the remaining weeks of the contest, you will cross the finish line even with the early starters.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$ 500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTY PRIZES, each $10	500
220 PRIZES, each $5	1,100
TOTAL PRIZES	$2,500

THE RULES

1. Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated December 7, 1940, Liberty will publish a set of questions on the Constitution of the United States.
2. To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath. In answering, wherever possible state first the Article of the Constitution, second the Section, and finally, while you are not restricted as to the number of words you can use, for the sake of brevity use the fewest words possible, preferably words selected direct from the Constitution. When answers are found in the Amendments, substitute the word "Amendment" for "Article" when writing your answers.
3. Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when you will have a set of thirteen coupons and the requisite answers. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
6. Entries will be judged upon the accuracy and logic of the answers given.
7. On this basis, the best entry will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded the $250 Second Prize, $100 Third Prize, and $50 Fourth Prize, in the order of their excellence. The fifty next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 220 next best entries will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
8. All entries must be submitted by First Class mail, addressed to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
9. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, December 18, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

The Lady Suggested Sabotage

FULTON OURSLER

WE HEAR a great deal these days about the fifth column. Many Americans who pride themselves on their tolerance and common sense are still inclined to be skeptical about the fifth-column danger in the United States. Yet the termites of disloyalty have been at work undermining the foundations of our democracy for a long time—long before the phrase "fifth column" was ever used. What would you think, for example, of a woman—an American woman—who gave the following advice in so many words to American young men?

"Accept the draft, take the drill, go into the camps and onto the battlefield, or into the munitions factories and transportation work—*but sabotage war preparations and war. Be agitators for sabotage. Down tools when the order is to make and load munitions. Spoil war materials and machinery.*"

The italics are mine. What do you think of this advice? What do you think, further, of the fact that these words were written by the secretary of a great religious enterprise, and that they were published, together with even more horrifying advice, in one of the best known religious magazines in the country? Next week in Liberty we shall name this woman and reproduce more of her advice to young American men, and state explicitly when and where her words were published.

What her motives were in so advising American youth, I do not attempt to guess. She may have been actuated by a sincere hatred of war. Whatever her motive, her advice to sabotage the weapons with which our young men may have to defend their very lives, and this democracy, might easily result in their death and in the death of our freedom.

I define the fifth column as a process of secret war, undertaken in advance of possible open war. Whether she meant it or not, this woman was playing the game of her country's enemies. The time has come when Americans must have their eyes fully opened to the danger from within. We in Liberty shall point out the menace not only next week but continually and faithfully as long as the danger exists.

MOST WOMEN ARE PATRIOTS. There are those who believe that women should be not only patriots but soldiers and fight in the front-line trenches. The first person ever to defend that theory seriously to me was Amelia Earhart. I shall always remember the sight of her, standing in front of the fireplace in our Hollywood home, back in 1932, pointing to some of the outstanding female champions of the Olympics—Babe Didrickson among others—and arguing for full participation by women in all army work. This idea is again argued in Liberty next week, by Rupert Hughes, in an article entitled Women as Soldiers: Why Not?

THERE ARE MANY provocative articles in the forthcoming table of contents—It's Up to Every American, by Will Hays; Did Reynaud Betray France? by "Pertinax"; The Irish and the Germans, by George Bernard Shaw; The Glass-House Gang, by George Jean Nathan; Lightweight Football Goes to Town, by Harry A. Mahnken and John Murray Reynolds; and a Believe It or Not Quiz, by Ripley. There are also several fine short stories, among them Swing It, Little Mother! by Alberta Hughes Wahl, and The Boss's Daughter, by Winston Norman; exciting installments of Unexpected Uncle, by Eric Hatch, Dark Fortune, by Llewellyn Hughes, and Lightning in the Night. Surely this is an issue no Liberty fan will want to miss!

ONE NIGHT RECENTLY I participated in a symposium conducted by the management of the Monomoy Theater in Chatham, Massachusetts. The subject was the state of the fine arts. Participants were Mrs. Atwood Baker of the Cape Cod Institute of Music; Joseph C. Lincoln, the famous biographer of Cape Cod; Professor de Poujoul of the Fontainebleau School of Art; and your correspondent. In the course of the discussion Mr. Anthony Brown, the chairman, asked the audience what they thought the theater should be like in the coming season—would they welcome plays interpreting world affairs of the day, or would they prefer to escape reality in the theater and find there only amusement? Put to a vote, the question divided the audience about equally. That is a usual experience if one enters upon the invariably useless experiment of trying to get the public to tell you what it wants. For example, here are two letters, samples of thousands received in about equal proportions: 1. "Please, please, please give us more of those inShane Cockeyed Crossword Puzzles—they are the most wonderful puzzles available today." 2. "The one and only thing that rubs against my grain every other week is the silly Cockeyed Crossword Puzzle. I cannot imagine what kind of mind conceived that idea, as it truly shows a feeble-minded, warped sense of humor." What is true of the Cockeyed Crossword Puzzles is true of everything else. Hardly a mail comes in that doesn't contain accusations that the editor (1) is a Communist; (2) is a Fascist; (3) is a Catholic and works under the dictation of the Pope; (4) is a Jew and works under the direct dictation of a group of international bankers; (5) is a tool of the liquor interests; etc., etc., *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*. There is, in my opinion, no mystery about what the public wants. It wants excellence in well known things. It is the problem of the editor and the producer to find that excellence.

REMEMBER MY TELLING YOU, some time ago, about a visit to my office of Dante, the magician, after a thirteen-year tour around the world with his great show of tricks and illusions? At that time I expressed the hope that Dante would tour the United States with his show, in the tradition of great magicians now passed from the scene—Herrmann, Kellar, Thurston, and Houdini. Well, the wish came true the other night, when Dante's show opened at the Morosco Theater on Broadway. New York intellectuals, the quidnuncs, the intelligentsia joined with hoi polloi to praise the wonder-worker, and the critics crowned him with laurels. If he comes to your town, be sure to see him—his show is fine and Dante!

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY ELSIE GILBERT

Nealson Russell, worker in Aluminum

WE BUILT THREE DAMS . . AND HE HAS A JOB

Nealson Russell was disappointed that another brother and sister were not at home the day we took this photograph. Even so, it is a grand family group, and we are proud to number Nealson among the members of the Alcoa Family at Badin, North Carolina.

At Presbyterian Junior College, Maxton, North Carolina, Nealson Russell was basketball captain. He still keeps up his athletic interests, even though supporting a family of seven at the age of twenty-eight.

READING TIME • 1 MINUTE 55 SECONDS

NEALSON RUSSELL is of the stuff that makes real Americans.

At twenty-eight he is the support of his mother and five younger brothers and sisters. Yet he finds time to be soloist in the church choir, to raise a garden and keep a cow, to do a little hunting, and to pitch a neat game (from the port side) for the Badin baseball team.

His job, as was his father's before him, is in our Badin "reduction" plant. There, in row upon row of electrolytic reduction furnaces (called "pots" by Nealson and his fellow-workers) great quantities of electricity are continuously extracting aluminum from a white chemical called alumina. The alumina, a fine white powder, has been taken from the ore, bauxite, in our plants at other places.

The process which Nealson "tends" is the very same one which was discovered by one of the founders of this industry back in 1886. In those days aluminum had to sell at $8.00 a pound, but the metal which Nealson helps us make at Badin sells for only 18c a pound.

Badin is far removed from the large industrial centers where there is a great demand for electricity. It is a small place where we built three large dams to harness the swift-flowing Yadkin River. Here the great amount of electric power needed to extract aluminum can be produced at a cost low enough to make the metal inexpensive.

Dams and power plants, wherever located, cost a great deal of money, and these great investments stand as a part of our fixed program to make aluminum available to everybody in many forms as cheaply as possible.

And, aside from this broad objective, it is gratifying that the nature of our business has made possible employment for men like Nealson Russell and his father who preceded him. To be able to do this seems in itself a contribution to a more prosperous America.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

A MAN WITH EXTRA PATIENCE

Copr., 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

MASTER SEEDSMAN, DAVID BURPEE

Once in a million times he gets that certain extra quality in a flower. But in his cigarette he gets the extras *every time* with slower-burning Camels

HE follows springtime up and down the continent, shuttling precious seeds and plants by air to kaleidoscope three generations of flower life into less than a year. Even then, it took him years to get a marigold with odorless foliage (*"Burpee Gold," shown at left*)...even longer to get his amazing new "Wildfire" marigold.

But every time David Burpee lights up a cigarette, he knows he's going to get mildness, coolness, and flavor—with that extra measure of each that makes such a difference to the critical smoker.

For he smokes *costlier tobaccos* matchlessly blended into a cigarette that is slower-burning...free from flavor-dulling heat and the irritating qualities of too-fast burning. Yes, he smokes Camels. Try Camels yourself. Enjoy the extras—including extra smoking (*see below*).

"YES, THOSE **EXTRAS** IN SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS COUNT WITH ME. CAMELS ARE EXTRA MILD AND COOL. THEIR FULL, RICH FLAVOR ALWAYS HOLDS A FRESH APPEAL FOR ME."

David Burpee

PRESIDENT, W. ATLEE BURPEE CO.

EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS